

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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for having taken command of the situation at a critical moment, but the ultimate results were not yet apparent since the farm coalition threatened to tack the debenture plan onto the tariff bill, which combined with the excessively high rates of that measure would probably lead the President to veto it. Administration Senators claimed it would be impossible to report out a bill with any lower rates than those imposed by the House. Thus the short session promised by President Hoover in a moment of panic during the campaign had produced little but disturbances in the Republican party itself. The leaders in the anti-Hoover agitation were Senator Borah, who had been most active in his election, and Senator Brookhart, who at the beginning of the session had claimed to represent the President's wishes. Meanwhile, Mr. Hoover further embroiled the situation by a special message to Congress asking for the appointment of a joint Congressional committee to bring about a reorganization of Prohibition enforcement forces. On June 13, the President suffered another defeat, when the National Origins postponement plan was beaten in the Senate by a vote of 43 to 37, but won a victory in the House when the debenture clause was defeated by 250 to 113. It was expected that the Senate would follow suit in the latter fight.

Canada.—After a control extending over a quarter of a century, defeat of the Liberal Government in the provincial election in Saskatchewan was admitted on June 6, at Liberal headquarters. While the Saskatchewan Liberals had carried five of fourteen Defeated conceded seats in an election settling sixty-one legislative positions, in forty of the sixty seats from which returns had been received non-Liberal candidates were in the lead.

Colombia.—Disorders and riots in the Capital against the Government, occasioned by the dismissal by Governor Melo of Mayor Luis Augusto Cuervo, practically subsided with the resignation on June 8 of the Cabinet, and the appointment of two new Cabinet Secretaries and a new provincial Governor. President Abadia accepted the resignations of Minister of War Rengifo, and Minister of Public Works Hernandez, and dismissed Governor Melo and Police Director Cortez Vargas. The vacant portfolios were awarded to Premier Rodriguez Diago and Rafael Escallon, respectively. Felix Cortez replaced Governor Melo.

Chronicle

Home News.—A serious disagreement between the Senate and the President on the one hand, and the Senate and the House on the other, arose in Washington over the President Versus Congress debate clause in the Farm Relief Bill. As related last week, the Senate-House conference reported the bill without the clause. The House immediately accepted it without vote. When it reached the Senate it was in turn rejected by a vote of 46 to 44, nine Republicans voting with the Democrats. The position of the Senate was that that body should not take the onus of rejecting the debenture clause unless it was also shared by the House, which on two occasions has been denied the opportunity to express its vote. Thereupon the President called a conference of Congressional leaders and persuaded the House to take a vote on the debenture clause alone. The President was assured by Republican leaders that there was an overwhelming majority against it, and by prominent Senators that once the House had rejected it the Senate would follow suit on the ground that some farm relief was necessary. The President was praised in Republican quarters

Great Britain.—On June 7, Premier Macdonald announced his Cabinet. While himself retaining the portfolio of First Lord of the Treasury, he appointed Lord Justice Sankey as Lord Chancellor, and Labor Cabinet Lord Parmoor as Lord President of the Council. Philip Snowden returns to his old portfolio of 1924, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Arthur Henderson was announced as Foreign Secretary, and J. H. Thomas, Colonial Secretary in the previous Macdonald Government, Lord Privy Seal and Deputy Leader of the House of Commons. J. R. Clynes, who held Mr. Thomas' present portfolio under the last Labor Government, was appointed Home Secretary, and Tom Shaw, Minister of Labor in the previous Labor administration, was announced as Secretary for War. Other appointments included Secretary of State for the Colonies and Dominions, Sydney Webb; Secretary of State for India, Captain Wedgwood Benn; Secretary of State for Air, Lord Thompson; First Lord of the Admiralty, Albert V. Alexander; President of the Board of Trade, William Graham; President of the Board of Education, Sir C. P. Trevelyan; Minister of Health, Arthur Greenwood; Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, Noel Buxton; First Commissioner of Works, George Lansbury; Secretary for Scotland, William Adamson. Sir Oswald Mosley was announced as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The single woman Cabinet member is Miss Margaret Bondfield, Minister of Labor. She is the first woman to hold a portfolio in a British Government. Other appointees, but without Cabinet rank, included H. B. Lees-Smith, Postmaster General; Herbert Morrison, Minister of Transport; Frederick O. Roberts, Minister of Pensions. William A. Jowitt, who had defected from the Liberals, was appointed Attorney General. Following the first meeting of the Cabinet a report became current in the press, though it was without confirmation in Downing Street, that Premier Macdonald would visit the United States in July to confer with President Hoover regarding Anglo-American relations and Russian recognition.

Greece.—On May 22, the Senate elected as its President, Alexander Zaimis, eight times Premier of Greece. A few days later an extraordinary Cabinet Council was called to take action consequent on the Naval Program announcement from Angora that the Kemalist Government was ordering several new warships. It was officially given out that the present Greek navy had decided to order several fast destroyers in France and to insure immediate completion of the new cruiser Salamis. Premier Venizelos, it was said, plans to treble the present navy, and, despite the fact that the financial condition of the country is low, popular support was thought to be behind his policy.

Hungary.—The speech delivered by Premier Count Stephen Bethlen at the unveiling of a monument to Hungary's Unknown Soldier called forth notes of protest from the Ministers of Czechoslovakia, Romania and Jugoslavia. The reply of Ludwig Valko, the Hungarian Foreign Minister, was as uncompromising as the Premier's speech.

M. Valko explained that from the standpoint of Hungary the Treaty of Trianon was unjust and must be changed, a goal toward which Hungary is constantly striving by peaceable terms. The Little Entente considered the reply sufficiently brusque to call for the drafting of a second note from the three Governments.—Count Julius Andrassy, last Foreign Minister of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and leader of the Hungarian Legitimist party, died on June 11 at the age of sixty-eight. Shortly before his death the Count expressed an opinion that there were more causes of war in Middle Europe today than there were in 1914.

Ireland.—It was announced that the Ambassador from the Irish Free State to the Vatican would be Charles Bewley, noted as a lawyer and a diplomat. Mr. Bewley Bewley Papal Envoy who is a member of a well-known Dublin mercantile family, was a convert to Catholicism from the Society of Friends, while a student at Oxford. Mr. Bewley's previous diplomatic experience included a brief term in Berlin as Sein Fein envoy in the last phase of the Anglo-Irish conflict. Following the treaty of 1921, he continued to serve in Germany as the representative of the Provisional Government and the Free State.

Jugoslavia.—Former Deputy Punica Ratchich was found guilty on June 7 of killing Stefan and Paul Raditch and Dr. George Basaritcheck and of wounding two other Deputies in the Jugoslav parliament last summer. He received a sentence totaling sixty years and six months imprisonment, but as Serbian law permits no punishment to exceed twenty years his sentence was cut virtually to that period. His fellow defendants, Popovitch and Jovanovitch, were discharged.

Lithuania.—On May 24, the student Vosylius, who had been sentenced to death the day before for his participation in the attempt, May 6, on the life of Premier Valdemaras, was executed at sunrise by Vosylius Executed a firing squad. A petition to the President for a reprieve had been refused. It will be recalled that as the Premier was going to attend a theatrical performance in Kovno, a fusillade of bullets aimed at him resulted in the fatal wounding of two of his military aides.

Mexico.—Archbishop Leopoldo Ruiz y Flores, of Michoacan, as Apostolic Delegate, and Bishop Pascual Diaz, S.J., of Tabasco, as his assistant, met with President Portes Gil at Chapultepec Castle, Peace Negotiations in negotiations leading to a religious settlement. At the time of going to press, the results had not been announced. The New York *Herald Tribune*, through its Mexican correspondent, detailed the steps through which the present attempt to settle the three-year-old controversy had passed. It was Miguel Cruchaga Tocornal, of Chile, neutral member of the Mexican-Spanish and Mexican-French claims com-

missions, who initiated the conversations several months ago. In this work, he had the friendly assistance of Senor Legorreta, of the Bank of Mexico, with important connections in Wall Street. After President Portes Gil had been impressed with the importance of the move, the Rev. Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., of Georgetown University, went to Mexico early in May for informal conferences. The result appeared when after a month Portes Gil and Archbishop Ruiz exchanged public conciliatory messages. The appointment of Archbishop Ruiz as Apostolic Delegate by the Holy See followed, as also his trip to Mexico with Bishop Diaz. On June 11, Father Walsh issued a denial that he was in Mexico in the "official capacity of envoy." Certain interests claimed that the result would be merely a *modus vivendi*, which was not probable unless it was accompanied with firm guarantees of future peace. It will be recalled that the *modus-vivendi* plan was rejected last year by the Holy See. Meanwhile disturbances occurred in various parts of the country. In Mexico City university students seized a college building and raised the red flag. In Colima, Michoacan, Durango, etc., Federal forces were actively engaged in conflict with the "religious rebels" whom official announcements had long ago stated were crushed.

South Africa.—Early returns of the election on June 12 for the new House of Assembly indicated that General Herzog, Prime Minister, and his Nationalist party were

Election losing heavily in the urban districts, though there was hope that they would be well supported in the rural communities. With forty-seven out of the 148 seats reported on June 13, General Smuts, opposition South African party, had thirty-four seats, a gain of seven, while the Nationalist-Labor "Pact" Government had only ten. It will be recalled that the point at issue was, on General Herzog's part, to "kill the menace to white South Africa of native political domination," while that of General Smuts was for settling the native franchise by a convention. At present there is no uniform franchise for the natives in South Africa. In the Cape Province the non-white vote totals more than 37,000 in a complete electorate of 196,135. In the African Free State and the Transvaal the franchise is strictly confined to the whites. In Natal the non-Whites in exceptional cases may be placed on the electoral role. General Herzog in his pre-election campaign maintained that the Nationalists wished only to give a limited franchise to the natives in the Northern Provinces. On the other hand, General Smuts said that if the Northern natives got the right to elect their own members to Parliament the rest would work itself out.

Vatican City.—On June 7 Cardinal Gasparri and Premier Benito Mussolini exchanged ratifications of the Lateran treaties and thus brought to an end the estrange-

Ratification Ceremony ment which existed between the Holy See and Italy since 1870 and brought into existence the new Vatican City State. In the short ceremony which marked the event, the Cardinal and the Premier signed a document testifying

that the exchange of ratifications had occurred and giving the following assurances:

The high contracting parties at the moment of exchange of the ratifications of the Lateran treaties again affirm their desire loyally to observe in letter and spirit not only the treaty of conciliation in its irrevocable reciprocal recognition of sovereignties and in its definite elimination of the Roman question, but also are concerned in its lofty aims tending to regulate the condition of religion and the Church in Italy.

Signor Mosconi, Finance Minister of Italy, then signed a check for 750,000,000 lire (about \$39,000,000) payable to the Papal Secretary of State and presented to him as the first payment from the Italian Government in reimbursement for the land seized from the Vatican fifty-nine years ago. Msgr. Pizzardo then handed Cardinal Gasparri the Holy Father's autograph letter, the first message ever sent through the newly inaugurated telegraph office of Vatican City, in which the Pontiff addressed the King of Italy, and imparted the apostolic benediction to the King and Queen, the Royal family, Italy and the whole world. The Holy Father sent a special blessing to the Royal Plenipotentiary and all present at the historic ceremony. King Victor Emmanuel replied in the following telegram:

I am moved by the cordial telegram sent to me by your Holiness on the occasion of the exchange of ratifications of the Lateran treaties. I share your Holiness's hope and raise a prayer to God that with today's act we may have the beginning of a new, happy era in the relations between Church and State. With her Majesty, the Queen, and my royal family, I thank your Holiness for the blessing imparted to us.

The announcement of the government of the Vatican City State in its new form brought with it the official announcement that Msgr. Borgongini-Duca had been named first Papal Nuncio to Italy, that Francesco Pacelli was named General Counsellor to the Vatican City and that Cardinal Serafini was confirmed as Governor with Camillo Beccari as his Secretary-General and Bernardino Nogara as Treasurer. Msgr. Pizzardo succeeds to the post of Msgr. Borgongini-Duca.

The "fundamental law" of the Vatican City was promulgated in twenty-one articles, according to which the Holy Father, as sovereign, has fulness of legislative, executive and judicial power. During

Promulgates State Law an interregnum between the death of one Pope and the election of his successor, these powers are to be vested in the Sacred College of Cardinals, with the provision that legislative measures taken by the Cardinals must be ratified by the new Pope for validity. The new legal system will be based on canon law and pontifical constitutions and rules issued by the Pope or authorities delegated by him. In all cases not covered by the Vatican law, the Italian law will be applied provided there is no conflict with the principles of canon law or with the provisions of the Lateran treaties.

Venezuela.—A raid by Venezuelan bandits on the Island of Curaçao in the Dutch West Indies, on the night of June 8, threatened for a time international complications.

Raid on Curaçao The Governor of Curaçao was kidnapped by the raiders and forced to act as a hostage until they had safely returned to Venezuela. The police arsenal at Willemstad,

the Capital of Curaçao, was looted, and the town of Coro, capital of the State of Falcon, attacked. Early Sunday morning the Government met, with the Vice-President acting as Governor, and a state of siege was declared and precautionary measures to defend the Island against further surprise attacks taken. It was understood that the attacks, which were led by General Urbina, Venezuelan rebel, were a protest against what was called the "im-politic actions of Dutch officials in persecuting Venezuelan exiles, many of whom have been deported at the request of Colonel Gomez," former President, now Commander-in-Chief of the Venezuelan army. As soon as the raid was reported to The Hague, a Dutch warship was ordered sent to Curaçao for the protection of the colony. Subsequently, the Caracas Government, through its legation at The Hague, informed the Dutch Government that the nation greatly regretted the action of the bandits, and it was understood that the latter absolved Venezuela of all responsibility.

League of Nations.—On June 6, the Council of the League of Nations began its session in Madrid. The chief change in the personnel of the delegates was the

Madrid Session Opens absence of Sir Austin Chamberlain of the Conservative Government of Great Britain, which had resigned consequent on its defeat in the recent election. The main problem before the Council was the discussion of ways and means for handling minority nations' grievances. It will be recalled that a special committee of the Council, which had exhaustively studied proposals submitted by Germany and Canada at the last session in Geneva to modify the present procedure regarding complaints of minorities, had been unable to approve a majority of them.

Reparations Question.—The experts' full report on the complete settlement of the reparations problem was signed on June 7 about six p. m. in the Hotel George V, in

Report Signed Paris. A warm tribute was paid by Governor Moreau, of the Bank of France, to the patience and devotion of

Owen D. Young, chairman of the committee, shown during four months of arduous labor, which had to take into account not merely technical problems, but the factors of public opinion. In spite of some expressions of dissatisfaction, both German and French press comments were, in the main, favorable.

In contrast with the Dawes plan German annuities are fixed in number and amount, not increasing according to any index of German prosperity. Financial autonomy is obtained by Germany, and postponement safeguards are granted. The granting of mobilization also constitutes a new feature. The total amount of payments is also considerably reduced from the Dawes-plan total of 132,000,000 marks (about \$31,000,000,000), to a total of about \$24,000,000,000. The following summary was given by the correspondent of the *New York Times*:

1. All financial controls, etc., and Dawes-plan system suppressed as from August 31 this year.

2. As from September 1, this year, Germany pays in thirty-seven annuities, closing on March 31, 1966, a total sum having a present value of 32,886,000,000 marks (\$7,826,868,000), the average annuity, inclusive of service of the Dawes loan, being 2,050,800,000 marks (\$488,090,000). Total present value of the Young plan (including last five months of the Dawes plan and twenty-two annuities of the Young plan from April 1, 1966 to March 31, 1988) equals 36,996,000,000 marks (about \$8,879,040,000).

3. From each of these annuities 660,000,000 marks (about \$158,400,000) shall be unconditional, thus available for mobilization. Of this, 500,000,000 marks (\$120,000,000) will be allocated to France. This unconditional annuity will be guaranteed by the imposition of a direct tax on the Reich railroads to the amount of 660,000,000 marks. All other payments will come from the budget of the Reich.

4. Germany shall pay for a further twenty-two years annuities which will approximately cover the Allied outpayments on account of War debts, the final payment being made on March 31, 1988.

5. An International Bank of Settlements shall be set up which shall be outside the field of political influences and take the place of the existing machinery for debt settlements.

6. In periods of special economic difficulty Germany may appeal to the Special Advisory Committee of the Bank and be granted a postponement of the transfer of a part of the conditional or postponable portion of the annuities for a period not exceeding two years. Under abnormal conditions, payments may be suspended entirely.

7. The system of deliveries in kind shall be gradually decreased from the value of 750,000,000 marks (\$180,000,000) to 300,000,000 marks (\$72,000,000) in the tenth year of application of the new plan, when it would be entirely suppressed.

8. There shall be a general liquidation within a year of the financial questions raised by the War and the subsequent peace treaty, effecting the restoration of German property and assuring the renunciation of claims, such as those of Germany against the successor States to the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

The Committee also recommends that the Belgian-mark redemption claim shall be settled at once.

No mention was made in the report of any connection between German payments to the Allies and Allied "outpayments" to the United States, in view of observations that had previously been made by Washington. The arrangement, however, as to these outpayments shows that this vital point was clearly held in mind. Rapid steps towards the complete evacuation of the Rhine were said to be demanded, in conversation with M. Briand, by Dr. Stresemann, German Foreign Minister.

Next week's issue will be AMERICA'S annual Educational Number, in honor of the Convention of the National Catholic Educational Association. Prominent among the features will be:

"The General Examination for the Bachelor's Degree," by Irving A. J. Lawres, who seeks a new departure in tradition.

"The College and Its Alumni," a study of what should be done to organize former students of our colleges, by William I. Lonergan.

"An Open Letter to Father Herbert," by S. T. Avila, which will advise the Reverend Father how to talk to the Sisters at summer school.

"What Is Research?" by Dr. Richard A. Muttkowski, of the University of Detroit, which will be a further contribution to the discussion initiated by Father Francis W. Power some weeks ago.

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Tempering the Wolves

IN an open letter to President Hoover, Mr. Austen G. Fox, of the New York bar, writes that the Executive alone can end "the shocking and increasing assassinations of citizens by agents of the Federal Government."

We see Mr. Fox's point, but we are not sure that it is well taken.

Fundamentally, this riot of assassination, to use Mr. Fox's term, is due to the attempt to enforce an unenforceable statute. Of all regulations which can be adopted by a law-making body, the most thorny are those which refer to personal habits, in themselves wholly innocuous. It is admitted, of course, that circumstances may now and then appear to make these regulations necessary. But even in this case, unless the State has the moral certitude that a majority of the people will voluntarily submit, wisdom counsels that it refrain from legislation. Not only will the regulation be set at naught, but the very principle of subjection to legitimate authority will be imperiled. The plain lesson of history is that the objects sought to be attained by sumptuary legislation are rarely attained.

When the practice forbidden by statute is one that has existed from time immemorial, with the consent and approval of the best members of the community, it is obvious that the task of enforcement will become exceedingly difficult. When, in addition, the statute aims to restrain a huge population, of diverse strains of ancestry, scattered over an area of thousands of miles, the task may soon become morally impossible. This Review has never failed to inculcate obedience to all rightful authority, but it cannot refrain from registering the earnest conviction that as long as the Volstead Act remains unamended, lawlessness will go from bad to worse.

At present, however, the Volstead Act has the approbation of the Administration, which has recently an-

nounced that a more determined effort will be made to enforce it throughout the United States. Similar announcements have been made within the last nine years. New outbreaks of violence have invariably followed, a consequence, it seems to us, well nigh inevitable. On one side the Government releases its agents, full of honest zeal, let us suppose, and heavily armed. On the other side, we find millions of citizens who feel no compunction whatever in violating the Act, and thousands of bootleggers who for the enormous profits involved in the traffic, engage in the manufacture, importation and sale of alcoholic beverages. Sooner or later, the clash comes, and in many instances innocent citizens are shot down.

Two ways are open to President Hoover, should he give ear to Mr. Fox's appeal. One is to disarm the Prohibition agents. The other is to recommend Congress to amend or repeal the Volstead Act.

It is perfectly plain that the President will adopt neither of these courses. Probably he could not, even if he would. Mr. Fox knows quite as well as ourselves that Presidents, by supposition, servants of the people, are often bound hand and foot by the hostages given to political fortune.

Mr. Fox's appeal will probably serve as propaganda to enlighten some of the people as to the outrages now committed in the name of the law. As such, it is to be commended. That it will have the slightest effect upon Congress or the present Administration is a possibility too remote to be discussed.

Life in an Apartment

ACCORDING to figures recently published by the Bureau of Labor, the old-fashioned family home is rapidly disappearing. In fourteen cities, each with a population of half a million or more, about 68 per cent of the families provided for in 1928 were housed in apartment houses, and only 22 per cent in one-family dwellings. In the preceding year, the rates were 60.8 and 25.8 per cent. The percentage of apartment dwellers in Chicago and New York is about equal, approximately 80 per cent, while Baltimore leads with a percentage of 86.4 in one-family dwellings, and only 13.6 in apartments. Figures for 257 cities in the country showed that 53.7 per cent of residences built in 1928 were apartment houses and 35.2 one-family dwellings. Eight years ago, the figures were, for apartment houses 24.4, and for family dwellings 58.3. In this brief period, the percentages are practically reversed. The Bureau believes that this shift will "have its impress on the character, life and customs of the people," but is unwilling to hazard a conjecture as to what that impress will be.

The "impress" in those cities in which a baby is an unwelcome visitor in the apartment house is already observable in the falling birth rate. Apart from this, however, the inability of many parents to make the rooms of an apartment resemble the stability of a home, creates a serious problem. Children do not find these cramped quarters an ideal playground, but, rather, a prison; yet they cannot safely be permitted to find companionship

and amusement in the streets, or at the moving-picture theater. "I simply can't keep the boys in the house *all* the time, and I feel worried as long as they are on the street," is the complaint of many an anxious apartment-house mother, while those who bear the burden more easily often awaken to find their children in the custody of a juvenile court.

Modern economic conditions bring many unsolved problems, and not the least perplexing are the difficulties which every family finds in the modern apartment. They are not insoluble, probably, but a ready solution is rarely at hand.

In Mexico

THE eyes of the world have been for some time fixed intently on the City of Mexico, where at last a Mexican executive has publicly consented to talk over the religious situation with a representative of the Holy See. Some of the watchers are patently anxious, for it is useless to conceal the fact that several American interests do not want a religious settlement there at all, or do not want it in this particular way. The rest of the world is simply hopeful, knowing that everybody immediately concerned wants a settlement, if it can come with honor and justice to all involved.

It is too soon, at this printing, to announce the terms of the negotiations, or even their prospect of being accepted by the Mexican Government, which is still under the sway of ex-President Calles. In this week's Chronicle the story of the preliminary steps is told, as related authoritatively from Mexico City by the *Herald Tribune's* correspondent. From this, it is apparent that a patient and intelligent preparation led to the present hopeful situation, and if anything at all favorable was to be expected, it must come along this line.

It is well to remember, in reading newspaper dispatches, that Catholics in Mexico are faced with two entirely different problems. There is the question of the freedom of the Church's spiritual government, which was menaced by Calles' decrees; and there is the totally different question of the liberties of Catholics as citizens. Archbishop Ruiz, with Bishop Diaz as associate, is dealing with the first of these problems; the "rebels" in Jalisco, Michoacan, Colima, and other States, are still in arms to extort from the Government recognition of the rights involved in the second.

The first of these questions will be finally settled when the Mexican Government admits the juridical existence of the Church, as it is admitted in the United States, and other civilized countries. It was the denial of this by the Constitution of 1917 which led to the break: its admission will pave the way for a settlement of all the other disputes with the Church: marriage, education, property, registration of clergy, etc., which have so profoundly disturbed men's consciences.

As for the Government's disagreement with its Catholic lay citizens, there is no doubt that a solution of the purely religious dispute will immensely favor a solution of the civic embroilment; but it is well to remember that

a religious settlement does not by the very fact involve civic pacification. Archbishop Ruiz represents the Holy See, which has no official concern with the civic aspects of Mexican life. This must not be lost from view, for a too optimistic conclusion to complete peace may be shattered in disillusion otherwise. For at the same time that the Church's independent existence as a spiritual body was menaced, all Catholic citizens were deprived of the rights of assembly, freedom of speech, free association and agitation, and all the others which form part of the Bill of Rights of democratic countries. Those American interests which are interested in complete tranquillity in Mexico will do well to keep these facts in mind in their future relations with the Government.

Think for Yourself Always

THE new President of the University of Chicago is reported to be the youngest college executive in the United States. One can well believe that report after reading his address to the graduates delivered in Chicago last week. Youthful enthusiasm invigorates it, and youth's impatience with the slow methods of lasting reform is seen in every line. At the same time, President Hutchins delivers some criticisms of his own, and most of them are excellent.

Particularly to the point at this time is his impatience with those impedimenta of modern education, "course grades, credit hours, and all the painful rigidities of the curriculum." This "vicious system" has arisen, Dr. Hutchins asserts, from an unwillingness on part of educators to believe that the young men and women who throng to our colleges can associate "with scholars on scholars' terms." The result is that competent and willing students either turn from the college in disgust or seek solace in extra-curricular activities.

With this account some may disagree, preferring to find the source of what is certainly a vicious system, in the absurd American dogma of democracy in education. If every American boy and girl not notably imbecile, must be "put" through college, it follows that a practical people will provide colleges through which they may be "put." Subsequently, an education becomes something that can be bought on the instalment plan. John Jones is "put" through a course in geometry in his freshman year, and passing his examination, receives a "credit." After three years, a triangle may have four sides or two, as far as his interest in mathematics is concerned. As a matter of fact, he has no interest in that subject, but very much in his "credit." Since that is registered in the dean's office, he may present it, with the other requisite credits acquired, probably, in the same manner, and receive in return the bachelor's degree in arts and sciences.

If Dr. Hutchins can throw the great influence of his university against the credit-department method and in favor of the comprehensive examination in senior year, he will do much to bring about a sorely needed reform.

With other of Dr. Hutchins' criticisms we are not in accord. Meeting the charge that American university professors were "undermining religion" and "communiz-

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ing youth," Dr. Hutchins replied that it was the purpose of education "to unsettle the minds of young men, to widen their horizon, to influence their intellects." He did not believe that "the fixation of sound principles and righteous dogmas in the youth of America" could properly be considered the function of any college. His own view of the purpose of university training was "to teach them to think, to think straight, if possible—but to think always for themselves."

There is a sense in which these statements are true, and another sense which shows them to be claptrap and brummagem. Dr. Hutchins is forced to admit some standard in thinking when he concedes that there is a thinking which is "straight" and a thinking which is not. Hence if "sound principles" can be ascertained, and if a dogma which is "righteous" can be formulated, a college not only may but must set in motion the forces which will result in "a fixation" in the mind of the student. The error under which Dr. Hutchins labors—that bondage to the ascertained truth is intellectual degradation—is among the most curious delusions of modern school administration.

Kipling somewhere points out that while the ideal soldier "should think for himself" this process often degenerates into "thinking of himself." It seems to us that Dr. Hutchins should find some application for this dictum in academic circles. We cannot think too much, as long as we are willing to admit that we ourselves are not the ultimate standard of truth. Dr. Hutchins' "always" closes the door, apparently, against discussion. But, probably, he does not mean "always," nor will the eager young men and women who listened, fix this dogma, oracularly delivered by Dr. Hutchins, so firmly in their minds that it can never be removed. Experience will teach them the value of intellectual humility, and with the Lord High Executioner—if memory is not at fault—they will then translate "always" as "well—nearly always."

The Faith of Marshal Foch

AS an excellent example of the *amende honorable*, we may commend the Boston *Post*. On March 31 that journal published an article, said to have been written by one "René de Paux," and translated by Winifred Stahl. As the article was calculated to shock all who had regarded the late Marshal as a Catholic of simple faith and unusual piety, AMERICA began an investigation.

The result was the article by the well-known Father Paul Doncoeur, S.J., a close friend of the Marshal, published in the issue for May 25. Father Doncoeur triumphantly vindicated the Catholic character of his revered friend, and going beyond this point showed that "there is no such person in Paris or in France as René de Paux." There is, however, a well known French journalist whose name is René Puaux, but this gentleman denounced the article in the *Post* as an imposture.

In its issue for June 9, the *Post* republishes the greater part of Father Doncoeur's article, and adds, "It is deeply regretted that the *Post*, together with other American

papers, was misled by the statements in the interview sent here" by the British Newspaper Alliance.

An apology of this kind is as refreshing as it is rare. Who that has undertaken to answer a similar misrepresentation, has not been met by silence, evasion, or by plain refusal to admit facts established beyond all question? Even journals whose editors pride themselves on their willingness to correct mistakes often show a singular obtuseness when asked to withdraw statements which grotesquely misrepresent Catholic belief, or which reflect gravely upon the character of Catholics. Not infrequently, their position is, in effect, that they are better acquainted with the teachings of the Catholic Church than is the Pope or any ecumenical council.

While we again commend the action of the *Post*, we take occasion to suggest once more that our great metropolitan dailies exercise discrimination in selecting foreign correspondents whose fields will lie in countries in which Catholics predominate. No editor would send his art critic to report a prize fight, but many editors appear to consider any member of the staff competent to report a discussion on some of the deepest questions in theology. A recent instance in point is a news story carried by many American papers, under a Roman date line, which professed to give the findings of a theological commission on the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady. The incompetence of the reporter was shown in his inability even to state what Catholics mean by the word "Assumption."

Some day, perhaps, these matters will be better managed. Until that day dawns, however, Catholic journals, and such institutions as the Georgia Laymen's Association, will be kept busy in suggesting withdrawals and correction.

Judges in Chains

LAST month the legislature in Michigan passed a bill to restore capital punishment in that State, and the Governor promptly vetoed it. The Governor admits, however, that "there are some crimes which deserve prompt electrocution." This admission puts him outside the ranks of the conscientious objectors. What he takes exception to, chiefly, is the mandatory nature of the act which, in his opinion, leaves no discretion whatever to juries and judges.

Without offering comment on conditions peculiar to Michigan, we would say that Governor Green's exception is well founded. Instead of putting our judges in chains, it would seem a better policy to put abler men on the bench for longer terms, and to extend their powers.

Very little can be said in favor of our method of choosing judges because of their views on partisan politics. A Democrat on the bench is as great an anomaly as a Republican. Nor can much more be said for our custom of choosing judges by popular vote for short terms. The average elector is wholly unfitted to pass on the qualifications of a judge, and the judge elected by a partisan machine is apt to allow his eye to wander from his high functions to a consideration of ways and means of lengthening his incumbency.

America and Catholic Emancipation

THOMAS F. MEEHAN

IN the elaborate program arranged for the ceremonies attending the national commemoration in Ireland of the centenary of Catholic Emancipation several organized pilgrimages, as well as hundreds of individual participants, clerical and lay, from the United States will be conspicuous. By direction of the Irish Hierarchy a general Communion throughout the country on June 16 began the celebration, which will end on Sunday, June 23, with a Pontifical High Mass, in the Fifteen Acres, Phoenix Park, Dublin, followed by a procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

Amplifiers will enable the assembled multitude, which it is expected will number 250,000 persons, to follow the Mass at which His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin will preside and the entire Hierarchy attend. After the Mass the procession of the Blessed Sacrament will move twenty-four abreast to the Watling Street Bridge over the Liffey, where Benediction will be given and the monstrance then deposited in the chapel of Collins' Barracks nearby. It is notable that President of the Free State Cosgrave and his political rival, Eamon De Valera, have agreed to forget their differences for the occasion and will be two of the bearers who will hold up the poles of the canopy over the four Archbishops who in turn will carry the Blessed Sacrament.

Although at the time that the agitation for Catholic Emancipation was most intense the Catholic body in the United States was not relatively as influential or as strong as it is at present, there is evidence that its moral and practical support was sought after by the leaders abroad and that it had a significant and fruitful effect there. The publication of New York's first Catholic paper, the *Truth Teller*, in 1825, seems to have been a part of the American propaganda. The first six numbers of this journal bear the imprint: "Published regularly every Saturday by W. E. Andrews & Co."

Now William Eusebius Andrews was what we would now call Bishop Milner's "public-relations executive" and one of the most active and noted publicists and writers in the England of the Emancipation period. He was the editor and publisher in 1818 of Milner's historic "End of Religious Controversy." His parents were converts and he began his career as a printer's apprentice in the office of the Norfolk *Chronicle*, of which paper he was afterwards editor from 1789 to 1813. In the latter year he went to London and began his remarkable career as an indefatigable and indomitable publisher of Catholic literature, during which he started a number of papers from 1813 to 1836, the year of his death. Most of them were short-lived but no sooner did one stop than he began another under a new name. One in 1824 was called the *Truth Teller*, which he later used to assail O'Connell vigorously when he fell out with the "Liberator" over some of the details of his policy in the battle for Emancipation.

Just what interest he had in the New York *Truth Teller* there is now no means of discovering, but after its sixth number the imprint was changed to: "Printed by the Proprietors George Pardow and William Denman," the first an English and the other a Scotch Catholic. No doubt they had the special encouragement of the Rev. Dr. John Power, pastor of St. Peter's, New York's mother-church and previously one of Bishop England's active coadjutors in Ireland. The New York publishers continued friendly relations with the London editor. In their paper for May 14, 1825, is quoted an article:

From the pen of Mr. Andrews, the London editor. It gives such a just and correct view of the state of affairs of the Catholics of Ireland, and coming from a person so well qualified, being on the spot to form a correct judgment, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of inserting it for the benefit of our readers.

The weekly issues of the New York *Truth Teller* during the following years are filled with the reports of progress of the agitation in England and Ireland for Catholic Emancipation. They were, of course, owing to the delay in getting them across the ocean, months old when their American readers saw them but they were perused no less avidly. It was the same with Bishop England's paper, the *Catholic Miscellany* of Charleston, S. C. He had been a vigorous champion of the cause before he left Ireland to become Charleston's first Bishop. "The documentary evidence for his prominence in the great fight is indeed scanty, but the tradition remains that his influence in Ireland was second only to that of Daniel O'Connell the Liberator," says Dr. Guilday in his "Life of John England."

The anti-Catholic tradition of falsehood that came across the Atlantic and found publicity in the Protestant pulpits and press here made the Bishop take up the fight again in the columns of the *Miscellany*. He led public opinion and sympathy all over the United States in favor of the demand for Catholic Emancipation. So potent was his influence that one of the rumors current in London at the crisis was that he was organizing here an army of 20,000 men, at the head of which he was going to invade England unless Parliament would enact the measures asked for the granting of civil and religious liberty to Catholics! A Bishop Kemp of Maryland was specially prominent in voicing anti-Catholic bigotry. His diatribes, in which all the charges are rung on the dual allegiance and the other stock calumnies, were forerunners of similar efforts during the political campaign of 1928.

What really happened was that, under Bishop England's inspiration an association called "The Friends of Ireland" was organized with branches in New York, Brooklyn, Charleston, Savannah, Baltimore, Philadelphia and other places where there was an Irish constituency, for the purpose of assisting the cause of Emancipation

especially by subscriptions to the "Catholic Rent" as O'Connell's war fund was styled. When the so-called "Catholic Relief Bill" was passed by the British Parliament with the provision that any further collections of this "Rent" would be seized by the Government, this American association was disbanded with a sum of about \$1,500 of the "Rent" remaining in the hands of the treasurer.

About this time a project to erect a memorial to Thomas Addis Emmet, who died in New York, November 14, 1827, was languishing for lack of subscriptions to complete the required sum of \$3,535. At a meeting at which Emmet's fellow exile of 'Ninety-eight, Dr. William James Macneven, was the spokesman, it was determined to devote this "Rent" balance to the Emmet monument fund in recognition of the great service Emmet, though not a Catholic, had rendered his persecuted fellow-countrymen when he and other United Irishmen espoused the Catholic side of the struggle for freedom from the galling tyranny of Protestant ascendancy.

The money was devoted for this purpose and the Emmet Memorial, an obelisk fashioned from a single piece of Vermont marble, was erected as it stands today in St. Paul's churchyard at the corner of Fulton Street and Broadway, New York. It is an enduring tribute not only to the civic virtues and achievements of a great statesman and jurist who knew what religious liberty meant and revered and upheld its principles, but also of the appreciation in which his character and career are held by his Catholic fellow-countrymen. It is one of the interesting but forgotten incidents of the American chapter in the great trans-Atlantic contest for Catholic Emancipation. Bishop England composed the Gaelic inscription cut into one side of the obelisk. Emmet was not buried in St. Paul's churchyard, as is popularly supposed, but in the Jones vault in St.-Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie.

The Friends of Ireland was the first formal organization of the Irish American element in the United States and the germ whence sprang all the societies and leagues designed to give moral and financial support to the national aspiration and demand for the political autonomy that has culminated in the recognition of the Irish Free State.

OLD AGE

For growing old is not to have
Such petty things as graying hair,
As wrinkles deep and manifold,
And a slow step upon the stair.

It is to weary of the dawn,
To slight the glories of the night;
To find less sweet the lilac's breath,
Less marvelous the mountain's height.

It is to dream no more of love,
Or love's sweet torment ever feel;
To know that sorrow's deepest wound
Will slowly, slowly heal.

FLORENCE GILMORE.

Hunting First Editions

WILLIAM M. STINSON, S.J.

HAVE you ever, in searching the shelves of a second-hand bookshop, chanced upon some little volume that appealed to you, and then, just as you thought of making it your own by honest purchase, been forced to replace it among its dusty companions because of its (to you) prohibitive price? And the only answer the knowing bookdealer would give you was "Why, it's a first edition." If you've had that not uncommon experience, you've learned that some books at least cost more money just because they are first editions. Perhaps, if you had an inquisitive mind, you fell to thinking and asked yourself, "Why is it that a first edition has a special value?" If you have put yourself that question, and resolved to study its solution, I'm almost sure that a new member has been added to the hunting club of first editions.

It's really a delightful hobby, every bit as absorbing as the hobby of stamp collecting; and can more be said than that? For a librarian, hunting first editions is one of the permanent joys of a seemingly monotonous life. The mail brings "A Catalogue of First Editions. Mostly of American Writers, Moderately Priced." And in its pages is this entry: "Item 370: Stowe, Harriet Beecher, Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life Among the Lowly, 2 vols. 8vo. original cloth, Boston, 1852.—\$300.00." A good set in original condition, with the original end papers, etc. All copies of the first edition of this scarce book were sold within a day of publication, and the second edition was on the press within twenty-four hours. Copies in the original cloth have become almost unobtainable.

Immediately the hunt begins. I'm sure I saw a first edition of Uncle Tom on the fiction shelves of our library only a few days ago. What difference, if it's now almost midnight? That presumed treasure must be found immediately. So, armed with a flashlight and that learned catalogue, down we go to the darkness of the stack room. Yes, Uncle Tom is there in his place. The title page reads 1852, but alas, it also reads, "Fifteenth Thousand." And again the rare edition is the one we haven't got. So back we turn to our room and our dreams, but with the added information that "Old Uncle Tom" way back in 1852 made a sales record that even the best seller of today might envy—an edition in twenty-four hours!

There's always joy and expectancy in the hunt of first editions. And even an unrewarded search has the recompense of new information gained about the author or the book you're dealing with. If you go hunting for a first edition of James Russell Lowell's "Under the Willows and Other Poems" you must find the "errata slip" and on page 224 the line: "Thy thread-like windings seem a clue," If that same line in your copy reads: "Its thread-like windings seem a clue," you have not a first edition. An edition of Russell Lowell's "Fable for Critics" will bring you twenty-five dollars if, on the title page, the line "a vocal and musical medley" is omitted and if there are errors on pp. 25 and 41.

It is not so much the title page, as these hidden peculiarities such as certain readings, misprints, mis-spelled words,

illustrations, lists of errata, of advertisements, etc., that indicate the genuine first edition. A dealer at present is asking \$4,000 for Anthony Trollope's "The MacDermots of Ballycloran," 3 vols., 8vo., half green crushed levant morocco, gold-tooled paneled backs, gilt tops, London, 1847. This is the rare first issue of the first edition of Trollope's first book, with the word "London" lacking from the imprint in Vol. II, and the misprint "Morimer" for "Mortimer" in the imprint of the third volume. This particular copy has also a rare associational interest, each volume having been presented to the author's mother, Mrs. Frances Trollope, who was also a noted writer.

When Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi" (Boston, 1883) was first published, there appeared on page 441 a sketch of Mark being cremated. Mrs. Clemens didn't like to visualize such an ending, and objected to the illustration. The offending sketch was removed and the printing of the edition continued without it. The collector, of course, will insist on a copy of "Life on the Mississippi" with the cremation illustration.

Many first editions have no special value at all; many have. How are we to distinguish between the one and the other? Let us start from this principle generally admitted by all bookmen. A book, beyond the fact that it is a first edition, must have some other desired features to give it an extraordinary value.

What first editions, then, do claim this value? Obviously those that collectors want, for the law of supply and demand is the fundamental economic principle of book collecting, as it is in all other business enterprises. For example, perhaps not more than twenty copies of the first edition of Hawthorne's "Fanshawe" exist. There are ten times as many collectors of Hawthorne's books who want a copy of "Fanshawe." As the number of these collectors has increased the price has advanced, until now even an indifferent copy of this plain little volume, originally published at seventy-five cents, is worth as many dollars. The British Museum paid £40 for a copy in good condition. If the first edition of "The Scarlet Letter" were as scarce, there can be no doubt that, because of its higher literary value, it would have a much higher commercial value than "Fanshawe." But because it is not so uncommon as to be rare, its commercial value is comparatively small.

It is scarcity, then, combined with literary, artistic, historical, or other important interest, that gives a first edition unusual commercial value. Not all scarce books command high prices; but no book commands an unusual price unless it is scarce. Four factors decide how much a collector will have to pay for a desired first edition:

1. How important is the book?
2. How many people want it?
3. How many copies are there in existence?
4. The condition of the obtainable copy.

Of these factors, the most important is the merit of the book. If a book is scarce and in addition also possesses some notable quality of interest, its commercial value advances far beyond its original price. But if a book has no other claim than scarcity, its market value is slight. It is not sought for and will hardly find a place

in any collection. Scarcity, therefore, by itself does not constitute a reason for collecting.

A very common mistake of the uninitiated is to imagine that a book must be valuable because of its age. Almost any librarian or bookdealer can tell pathetic stories of persons bringing to them books bearing an imprint of 1683, 1712 or some other relatively modern date, and fondly believing that they bear a treasure in their hands because—"the book is so old." It's hard to disillusion them of their dream, but the truth is that their treasure is a treasure only in their imagination.

The printing of books dates back to 1455 when the world-famous Gutenberg Bible was printed at Mainz in Germany. This surprisingly beautiful book was the first book ever printed, and up to today it remains the most beautiful book ever produced. It is of course, the treasure of treasures for the multi-millionaire collector. Printing was twenty years old before the first book in the English language appeared. It was produced by William Caxton, a man of means who had taken up the new craft of printing as a hobby. About 1475 he produced at Bruges, Belgium, his "Le Recueil des histoires de Troye." So the first book printed in English was not an original English work, nor was it printed in England. Returning to England the following year, Caxton set up his print shop in a chapel connected with Westminster Abbey, which chapel he rented from the Dean and Chapter for ten shillings a year. This, by the way, is the reason why union printers in newspaper and other print shops are organized into "chapels." Here Caxton edited and printed the first book printed on English soil, "The Dictes and Sayengis of the Philosophres," in 1477.

It is interesting, in passing, to note that both Gutenberg and Caxton were good Catholics, and to remember that the Bible was printed seventy years before the Reformation, and that printing is an invention of Catholics.

Books printed in the fifteenth century, that is from the time of the appearance of Gutenberg's Bible to the end of the year 1500 are called "Incunabula." The word is a Latin one and means swaddling clothes. An incunabulum then is a book that dates back to the cradle days of printing. And these are the only books which are valuable on account of their age—age, that is, in the absolute sense, without qualification and without restriction of place, subject matter, literary or historical importance. A census of incunabula made recently shows that about 50,000 known books were produced before 1501.

Of course books printed in the sixteenth century or even later may have a special value as showing the first imprint of printing presses in this or that particular city or country. Even the first imprints of early American presses are well worth the keeping as exhibits of the history and progress of printing. "The Bay Psalm Book," printed at Cambridge, Mass., 1640, if another copy of it should ever reach the market, would probably bring upwards of \$25,000. Why? Not surely as an example of fine printing, for it is a mediocre product, but for this two-fold reason only, that it is the oldest surviving book printed in what is now the United States, and because less than a dozen copies of it survive.

Just now the first editions of several modern writers are eagerly sought for and are demanding fancy prices. This cult of the moderns presents a curious and interesting problem to the non-professional collector. Is it a forced and artificial search, sponsored by dealers and friends of the sought-for authors, or does it represent a genuine interest in and desire to procure first editions of authors, whom a portion at least of today's literary world considers heralds and pioneers of a new age of writing? At best, it's something of a gamble.

How will Joseph Conrad be rated a century hence? His first editions are now selling for prices that are ridiculously excessive or ridiculously cheap, according to whether one regards the Conrad following as a company of ignorant fanatics or as torch-bearing prophets of a glory that will endure through the ages in the chronicle of English literature. Is Sherwood Anderson a clownish poseur whose only contribution to art is a psychopathic species of punctuation, or is he an authentic spokesman of a big-boyish America which common minds without the vision fail to comprehend? Is James Branch Cabell a beautiful stylist and most subtly ironic genius of his country and generation, or is he a mere flash-in-the-pan smartaleck whose name will be forgotten tomorrow? Is Theodore Dreiser the greatest American novelist of his time or a ponderous numbskull who exudes words? And so on through the list of modern writers whose first editions are at present bringing high prices. The collector who goes in for them must gamble on the future answer of these and like questions.

Those who would like to begin book collecting and yet know nothing of the method of going about the hunt will find some helpful advice in a little book by John T. Winterich, entitled "A Primer of Book Collecting." It is well worth reading.

This search for first editions is a good hobby to play with. One can go into it as lightly or as deeply as his time and purse allow. There are a large number of desirable first editions that can be procured with a small outlay; there are several others that would demand a generous bank account. Why not make a start at least, and see what development the coming years will bring? The hunting of first editions harms no one, and in all likelihood will teach the hunter many an interesting fact about books, their histories and their authors. And in this hobby of book collecting, the goddess of the game somehow sees to it that real finds are chanced upon just often enough to keep up the collector's eager zest and interest.

Only a few years ago, a lady in Worcester, Mass., happened to find, stored away in her attic, a copy of Edgar Allan Poe's first book published anonymously while he was a private in the United States Army—"Tamerlane and Other Poems, by a Bostonian" (Boston, 1827). Only five copies of Tamerlane were known to be in existence, and this newly discovered copy brought its possessor \$15,000. And the days of the old New England attics, though fast passing like a tale nearly told, have not entirely gone from us. So, on with the hunt for first editions—to the finder belongs the prize!

William Penn and the Church

GEORGE BARTON

WAS William Penn, professed Quaker and founder of the State of Pennsylvania, actually and secretly a Roman Catholic and a member of the Society of Jesus?

Such a question may seem like an absurdity in this day and generation, but it was being asked seriously in England in 1678 with intensity that is peculiar to fanaticism. It has particular interest for us in the United States in 1929 because the prejudice, the intolerance and the bigotry which now exist in our midst is a direct inheritance from the days when liberty of conscience was an unknown quantity in the "tight little isle."

We laugh at the ravings of our Heflins, but they have come to us from across the sea and have been transmitted to us in a specific way from the age of William Penn and of James II of England. They are but a faint duplication of the real persecutions of that time. The Anglican Church had been restored to power with the Crown and Roman Catholics and Protestant Nonconformists were being sent to jail with beautiful impartiality.

This was the state of affairs when James came to the throne. Now it happened that William Penn was a warm friend of the new monarch and when the persecution of the Quakers became intolerable Penn went to the King and interceded on behalf of his co-religionists. As a result of his efforts hundreds who had been sent to prison were pardoned. This caused a buzz of excitement all over the kingdom. "If Quakers are forgiven for practising their religion the same toleration may be extended to Catholics," cried the hotheads, "and that is something the English people will never permit."

The Catholic King and the Quaker Preacher had many things in common, and one of them was the desire for religious liberty. And it was this that caused William Penn to be accused of being a Catholic. To make the accusation more damnable he was charged with being a Jesuit, which to the bigoted mind is the worst form of Catholicism. It was true only to the extent that the Jesuits were on the firing line for the Faith. We laughed twenty or more years ago when a man rose in the Senate and said that the Jesuits had a man planted in every newspaper office in the United States for the purpose of turning over the country to Rome. We laughed again last year when it was asserted that if a Catholic were elected to the Presidency his Cabinet would be named by the Pope. Yet both outbursts were survivals of the idea which existed in England in the days of which we speak when the Jesuits were supposed to be roaming all over the kingdom in all sorts of disguises. To be tolerant then was to be an agent of the devil. What could be more reasonable than that of the Jesuits conceiving the idea of having one of their numbers dressed in a broad-brimmed hat and a shad-bellied coat and pretending to be a member of the Society of Friends? It must have been the prevalence of this notion that caused the English to get the reputation of having no sense of humor.

John W. Graham, in his life of the founder of Penn-

sylvania, touches on the report that William Penn was a Catholic and declares that it came solely from the friendship which existed between the eminent Quaker and King James II. The penal laws of those days were chiefly directed against Catholics, but indirectly the Quakers were made to suffer. Graham concedes that the King tried to be fair to all religions and that Penn was right in his estimate of James' honest love for freedom of conscience. What is certain is that Penn was a favorite at court and had great influence with the King. Thus in that period the Quaker and the Catholic both stood for religious tolerance. Graham, who is obviously anti-Catholic in his leanings, is still frank enough to give us the truth on this point. He says:

There is no doubt that the unconcealed Catholicism of James made him suspect from the beginning of his reign. It was not safe or prudent, and not reassuring to susceptible Protestant nerves, for the King and Queen to openly attend Mass at Whitehall, whither of course Catholics crowded. James received a Papal Nuncio and knelt before him; Franciscans, Cistercians and other Religious Orders established themselves in London, and the Jesuits began a school in the Savoy. All this made it easy to assume that Penn was a Jesuit in disguise. Jesuits in disguise have always been a stock property of the British imagination. Once asked in a coach how it was that he was so learned a man, William Penn replied that he supposed it was because he was educated at Saumur. "Educated at St. Omer" was the form in which it was heard and repeated in all the coffee houses. Penn had confessed that he was educated at the dreaded Jesuit college.

Later some verses were circulated, condoling the late King's death and congratulating the new one in his accession. They were filled with the spirit of Catholicism. Both the style and the spirit were in marked contrast with that of the Quaker. But they were signed "W. P.", and as these initials were commonly used by Penn in his pamphlets the authorship was credited to him. It was a plain attempt to injure him with the prejudiced people of the kingdom. He wrote a contemptuous and ironical letter entitled "Fiction Found Out" for the purpose of clearing himself.

The King began by granting favors to the Quakers and followed this up in the early part of 1687 by sending out a general indulgence or liberty of conscience, directing that thenceforth the execution of all penal laws concerning ecclesiastical affairs, for not coming to church, for not receiving the Sacraments, or for any other non-conformity with the established religion, or for performing religious worship in other ways, should be suspended. "This," according to one of Penn's biographers, "was certainly a stretch of royal prerogative, irreconcilable with the nature of a limited monarchy." Yet the same writer insists that it was no more than reason and justice required.

Addresses of thanks came to the King from all quarters. William Penn was at the head of one deputation which came to express its gratitude for the boon that had been accorded to all. The response of James was couched in words that cannot be misunderstood. He said: "Some of you know—I am sure you do, Mr. Penn—that it was always my principle that conscience ought not to be forced; and that all men ought to have the liberty of their consciences. What I have promised in my declara-

tion, I will continue to perform as long as I live. And I hope, before I die, to settle it so that after ages shall have no reason to alter it."

Surely these were noble words, but they were received in sullen silence by a large part of the people simply because others were given the liberty of conscience which they wanted for themselves alone. It recalls what has been said about the Puritans, that they came to America to worship God as they pleased and to make everybody else worship as they did not please. In the meantime, William Penn came in for much censure for the part he was supposed to have played in inducing the King to take this stand. The report that Penn was "really a Papist" persisted and finally William Popple, Secretary of the Board of Trade and Plantations, wrote a long letter to the accused Quaker beseeching him to place himself right before the people in this matter of "more than common importance." At great length he points out that while it is glorious to despise "the empty noise of popular reproach" even that "sublimity of spirit may sometimes swell to a reprovable excess." He reminds Penn that his easy access to the King is causing much gossip and that many believe that he is "popishly inclined." Then follows this gem:

That is the direct charge; but that is not enough; your post is too considerable for a Papist of an ordinary form, and therefore you must be a Jesuit; nay, to conform that suggestion it must be accompanied with all the circumstances that may best give it an air of probability; as, that you have been bred at St. Omer's, in the Jesuits' college; that you have taken orders at Rome, and there obtained a dispensation to marry; and that you have since then frequently officiated as a priest in the celebration of the Mass at Whitehall, St. James's, and other places. And this being admitted nothing can be too black to be cast upon you. Whatsoever is thought amiss, either in church or state, though never so contrary to your advice, is boldly attributed to it.

Four days after the receipt of this astonishing communication Penn answered it in an equally long reply. He denies that he is a Catholic and a Jesuit; says he has never been tempted to become one and declares positively that James never even suggested that he become one. These "stories of the town," he declares, are "sordidly false." Then he adds:

The only reason that I can apprehend they have to repute me a Roman Catholic is my frequent going to Whitehall, a place no more forbid to me than to the rest of the world, who yet, it seems, find much fairer quarter. I have almost continually had one business or other there for our friends, whom I ever served with a steady solicitation through all times since I was of their communion. I had also a great many personal good offices to do, upon a principle of charity, for people of all persuasions, thinking it a duty to improve the little interest I had for the good of those that needed it, especially the poor. I might add something of my own affairs, too, though I must own (if I may without vanity) that they have ever had the least share of my thoughts or pains, or else they would not have still depended as they yet do.

But because some people are so unjust as to render instances for my popery (or rather hypocrisy, for so it would be in me), 'tis fit I contradict them as particularly as they accuse me. I say then solemnly, that I am so far from having been bred at St. Omer's and having received orders at Rome that I never was at either place, nor do I know anybody in those places, which is another story invented against me. And as for my officiating in the King's chapel, or any other, it is so ridiculous, as well as untrue, that, besides that nobody can do it but a priest, and that I have

been married to a woman of some condition above sixteen years (which no priest can be by any dispensation whatever), I have not so much as looked into any chapel of the Roman religion, and consequently not the King's, though a common curiosity warrants it daily to people of all persuasions.

He then goes on to speak of how much the King has done for the Quakers, both in protecting their persons and their property. He says he is sorry to see many that seem fond of the reformed religion "recommend it so ill by their disaffection to him." He tells of the kindness of James to his father and himself and intimates that he would not be human if he were not grateful for these favors. The suggestion that he—Penn—aimed at the destruction of the Protestant religion "is just as probable as it is true that I died a Jesuit six years ago in America." He wonders why men will "suffer such stuff to be passed upon them." Then comes this memorable passage:

If, therefore, an universal charity, if the asserting an impartial liberty of conscience, if doing to others as we would be done by, and an open avowing and steady practising of these things, in all times and to all parties, will justly lay a man under the reflection of being a Jesuit, or Papist of any rank, I must not only submit to the character, but embrace it, too; and I care not who knows,

that I can wear it with more pleasure than it is possible for them with any justice to give it me. For these are corner stones and principles with me; and I am scandalized at all buildings which have them not for their foundations. For religion itself is an empty name without them, a whitewashed wall, a painted sepulcher, no life or virtue to the soul, no good or example to one's neighbor. Let us not flatter ourselves; we can never be the better for our religion if our neighbor be the worse for it.

It is not surprising that when Penn came to establish his colony in the new world his first thought should have been of liberty of conscience for all. In the frame of the government prepared under his direction it is declared that none shall "be molested or prejudiced for their religious persuasion or practice in matters of faith and worship; nor shall they be compelled at any time to frequent or maintain any worship, place or ministry whatever." Like his friend and patron, the Catholic King James, he wanted to lay forever the ghost of religious intolerance. In spite of evidence to the contrary we do have liberty of conscience. The anti-Catholic agitator still flourishes solely because, even as in Penn's day, some men still "suffer such stuff to be passed upon them."

The Train That Laughed

JOHN GIBBONS

SUPPOSE, Monsieur," I had asked the gentleman who seemed to be in charge of the little office where *brancardiers* hand in their stretcher-bearing straps when they leave Lourdes, "suppose I had not brought back your straps, what would you have done?" And in his careful English he had told me. "It comes, Monsieur, sometimes that one forgets. It is easy. We write to the address in London that you have given us—see, the records of the Bureau are of the most complete—and we ask you for thirty francs, five of your shillings, for the little carelessness."

Even as he smiled, I was on the point like a flash. "Then," I said, "if I give you five shillings I may keep the straps *pour souvenir?*" At the word was unloosed a spate of speech whose current of contempt was hardly to be concealed by the man's foreign natural politeness. "If it is for souvenir that you want, keep the straps. A little present from myself. But the francs, it is nothing. My own pocket. But if it is of Our Lady, then it is different. A souvenir of what? Four days, five days? Listen well, Monsieur. Come year after year, work hard as I well believe that you work this time, and by and by in a few years we shall just begin to know you. Come again and again, and we shall give you a little medal. It will be worth perhaps one franc, but you will not sell it for all that you have. Go on coming as many do, and you will remember all the time nothing but Marie, Marie, Marie. But by that time you will not want any souvenir."

And he almost spat the word at me. "Again," he said, "next year. And if there arrives any difficulty to get the straps" (for there are always hundreds clamoring for them), "show my name." And he pushed his card at me. It was, by the way, Count Something, and if one

can go by these foreign addresses, he must have lived in quite a big house. And come to think of it, they said that the lady whose head one sometimes saw as she pushed it out from her labors of hours a day in the women's *Piscine* was a Duchesse or something. And I left the Bureau feeling a bit small.

Now I thought about it, I had been a bit proud of being a *brancardier*. It's hard work, you know, in that heat for a man of my age; half-past six in the morning till nearly six at night, with no regular knocking-off times for meals. And such a lot of things had happened I had meant to write about, and now I really couldn't. It would be glorifying myself. I wasn't sure even that I ought to try to write about Lourdes. It had been done, plenty of times surely, by men to whom God had really given the gift of writing, and that ought to do. Wouldn't my laboriously turned sentences be really meant for my own pride and not for God and His Mother? That was it, the Mother of God all the time and not us.

There had been that time the day before just as we were waiting for the procession and the blessing of the sick. There are the priests walking up and down in the glare of the great graveled square just in front of the triple line of the invalid chairs, saying their rosaries in half a dozen languages. And then you get the Bishops in the middle of the square with the invocations. "Lord, we adore Thee" and the rest of it. And a second later you get it taken up by thousands of voices around the lines. And when that's finished, you get the French, *Seigneur, nous Vous adorons*, and the echo fairly roars around the square. And there is the Spanish and the Italian and the German, all the tongues in the world, it sounds like.

And last of all comes the procession. And while we were waiting for it, there was a girl in a chair somewhere in front of me started moaning. And I went, and I couldn't make out what she said. So I pulled her blanket down a bit to have a look at her badge, and it seemed to be the Italian flag. So I ran along that line in the cleared space between the crowd and the backs of the chairs till I found a girl, a nurse, wearing the same flag. And then she couldn't understand a word of English, so I just took her by the hand and pulled her back to where the sick patient was. She motioned me to lift the lass out of the chair—hard work it was, but then you oughtn't to volunteer as bearer unless you are pretty strong—take her in my arms through the crowd at the back, thirty or forty deep of them, and carry her across to the *Asyle*. And we never spoke a word. I don't know who that nurse was or whether she minded a strange man taking her hand. She may have been countess or kitchenmaid for all I know. That's didn't exist. Man and woman didn't exist. Nothing at all existed but that we were both servants of Mary and Mary's sick.

It seemed to dawn on me, too, that there was a fearful lot in good hard physical work. There was the time I was just going off to my lunch and they told me to go and fill some water bottles. It seemed easy enough. There were six of them and I started off with four, two hung around my neck on a string arrangement and one in each hand. And then when I'd walked over and queued up and got at last to a tap, I found that a bottle full of Lourdes water weighs more than an empty one. So back I went and started all over again.

With the queuing and the filling, an hour and a half they took me, those six bottles. Very hard work it was. The tap trickles quite slowly and it is very low down in a sort of gutter. You mustn't put your foot in the gutter, so you've got to stoop like physical exercises. And over a big bottle, you'll have to straighten yourself up once or twice. An hour and a half. It was just my lunch time. I was thinking they ought to arrange better than that, better taps or something. And then it came to me. Why, of course they could if they wanted to. They could have laid on the water to every hotel in Lourdes. If it worked automatic miracles for the lazy, why not a pipe line to Paris, or London, or across to New York? Only Mary didn't work like that. One had got to stoop and sweat and struggle for it.

One ought all the time to have been praying, too, for the people those bottles were going to. Praying hard at that. Like when you were stretcher-bearing. You'd got to then. I was a bearer in the War in our army, and you did it with a cigarette, if you could get one, and a joke if you could spare the breath, and anyway a deal of cursing. But there were no cigarettes when you went stretcher-bearing for Mary of Lourdes. The second you catch hold of that perambulator handle, you're on duty. And you pull out your beads and you start praying. If you don't, the head *brancardier* people will stop you and make you. Or else you can hand in those straps. You'll pray hard, too, at the top of your voice. And as you force your way with your patient through that crowd,

they'll all take it up with you. God is not a Philosophical Abstraction to those people, and worship is not something to be whispered about as half shameful. They shout it out, as if they meant to storm heaven itself.

All the time, too. I went once about one in the morning to the Grotto. I did think it would be empty then. But it wasn't. And I was staring at two women, Slovaks or something. Because they seemed to be doing a bit of knitting and gossiping at the same time. But as I got nearer, I saw they were at their beads, and telling off the responses to each other. They save up half a lifetime for the railway fare, and they're not wasting time when they get here. They don't want any hotel or charabanc trips up the picturesque Pyrenees. Just a lie-down under some tree and a loaf of bread and a bit of onion, and they'll pray every hour they're here.

"That is what's the matter with you English," someone told me. It was an Italian who spoke English I'd made friends with. "If you think a bit less of your hotels and stop grumbling because they cannot make English tea, and you'd pray a bit louder, you might go back with more miracles." I think he was a bit proud about his particular pilgrimage and the number it had. And some of their sick had been cases, too. I carried a few of them and I knew. The boy without a face, for instance. One mustn't go stretcher-bearing at Lourdes just for a pleasant summer holiday in foreign parts. But you won't. Not for long. Lourdes will teach you better.

From the Italian's point of view I suppose our train home was a failure. Only two poor little cures, and they at the best were not anything very spectacular. What I was worrying about were the hundreds and hundreds who weren't cured. I didn't know any of them properly, because I hadn't come by train with them, but of course I had struck up bits of acquaintanceships with people in the boarding-house and so on.

There was one couple I was thinking especially about. I didn't know them even to know where they lived or what their names were, but the man had told me a few bits about himself and the girl. Perhaps he had told me just because I didn't know him. But it must have been an ordinary enough story.

Here was he in the early twenties, a London clerk, and not, I should think, a well-paid clerk either. And here was the girl, same sort of age, same sort of class; clerk in an office; what you call a stenographer. And they were about as much in love with each other as boy and girl are at that age. And they were saving up to get married, when some sort of mysterious disease got her. I don't know what it was called. I don't think he ever told me. But anyway she looked almost dying. And they had been to the doctor and then to the hospital and then to the great consultant. And then they had taken their furnishing savings and spent it on some sort of treatment that just might be a chance. And it hadn't worked. Nothing could be done at all. The girl must die. About two years was the limit.

And then they'd thought of Lourdes as the very last appeal of all. And he had borrowed some of the money, he had told me, for fares for himself and the girl and

for an aunt or someone to chaperone her. I remember looking at the two women's clothes, warm, English-looking things for that sun. They must indeed have been near the last financial gasp.

And then nothing had happened at all. There hadn't been a miracle. The girl had looked a little more dying than ever as I had seen her painfully climbing into the train at Lourdes station. And after a bit, I thought I'd go and hunt them up. Perhaps as the man had spoken to me he might be glad of a chance to talk a bit. And so all down the swinging corridors of that train I went, peering fearfully into every compartment I passed. And when I did find them, I thought I'd never seen a couple in the world so happy.

For they were simply radiating happiness. Not a bit the religious calm sort of thing. But he was holding her hands, and she was blushing and laughing. Giggling, one might call it at my age. It was a miracle. But they had had no Miracle. They told me so. She wasn't cured. She wasn't going to be cured. Only—it didn't matter now. Nothing mattered on earth. So gradually it dawned on me that the Miracle had come after all. That they had had, as it were, a peep through the break-in-the-clouds that we call Lourdes, and that on the other side they had seen Eternity itself. They would be together with God and the Mother of God for all the time that there was ever going to be. Well, then, what in the world did it matter about a miserable few years in a cheap London suburb!

And as I walked back to my seat at the other end of the corridor, I saw that in every carriage something of the same Miracle had happened. For it was a train that fairly rippled to its happiness. I think something of it falls to the lot of everyone who ever comes back from Lourdes.

BEDRIDDEN

Sometime the Spring will be too much,
Sometime I know my heart will break,
Because of longing unfulfilled
For dancing trails I ne'er can take;

Because of wistful dreams that tease
And taunt my waking vision dulled,
And April winds that croon to me
With scent from some far woodland culled,

Of pussy willows by a brook,
The shimmer of a waterfall,
And hills starred with anemones
Where elfin bugles sprightly call!

Because of white dawns pierced outright
With poignant stab of robins' cry,
And snow-capped mountains blushing when
The fairy sunrise tints the sky;

Because of stars that burn at night,
And cradle moon's soft witchery,
And velvet dark to wrap me close,
And friendly trees to talk with me!

Dear God, Who willed that this should be,
Tho I be silent for Thy sake—
Sometime the Spring will be too much,
Sometime I know my heart will break!

VERA MARIE TRACY.

Education

Teachers or Doctors?

JOHN WILTBYE

MY benevolent but lachrymose critic, Mr. Cricket Wainscott, is in the habit, I suppose, of reading his *Times*. So alert an individual would not neglect to supply himself with that and similar sources of information, made necessary in this age when few metropolitans know their next-door neighbor, and the world has grown exceedingly complex. I take for granted, then, that he has heard of the case of the State of Connecticut *versus* the Three Law Schools in New York. It is as apt an illustration of the general crassitude of standardizers as I have seen in many a day.

Now the State of Connecticut—or the officials who in the premisses represent that sovereign Commonwealth—has undertaken to reform the bar. Aware of the adage that the best place to begin a reform is at home, the State has adopted certain standards to which all candidates appearing for the bar examination must conform. To this procedure no one, I suppose, can take exception. The bar everywhere would be all the better for a little elevating; and if the State of Connecticut proposes to set conditions that even John Marshall could not meet, no foreigner may complain. For there is no such thing as an absolute right to practise law in Connecticut; the State admits or rejects according to her own standards.

But it may be respectfully submitted that these standards must be in accord with right reason, justice and truth. They may not be arbitrary, and while they may debar certain candidates, they must not unreasonably discriminate against any individual or class. Yet, as it seems to me, Connecticut has inaugurated, in the name of standardization, what is, practically, a policy of discrimination, and rather stupid discrimination, at that.

With the general purposes of the bar committees which, some years ago, began to investigate the law schools of the country, all of us, I suppose, are in sympathy. Some of the changes suggested have been noted and commented on in the pages of this Review. That young men and women who present themselves for examination should know not only law, but history and philosophy, and should have at least some tincture of culture, is an ideal to be cherished. That this ideal is automatically attained by "putting" a boy through two or four years of a standardized college, is a proposition too absurd to be discussed. Yet the law schools of the country have submitted, so that a majority now require credits for two years at college, and many demand the bachelor's degree. Hence it has come to pass that the candidate for freshman year at law school is not examined as to his fitness for the study of law, but as to his possession of "credits," or of a diploma. In other words, the charming assumption that a bachelor of arts or of science is a person garbed with learning and culture, is accepted as a fact beyond dispute—and formalism once more triumphs.

Connecticut now comes to the fore. She does not, it is true, demand that the embryo Blackstone possess a

degree. She does not even require evidence that he has studied in any school of law, approved or reprobated, for in Connecticut three years as clerk in a lawyer's office will suffice as professional training. But if and when he presents credentials from a law school, said credentials must be from a school approved by the State.

"Approved on what grounds?" it may be asked.

And the only answer is, "Approved on the ground that it follows a daily timetable prescribed by the State." A student at Yale may study in the morning and early afternoon hours, and work all night. This night work will not in the least, according to Connecticut standards, affect his ability to imbibe the principles of jurisprudence. But the mind of the young man whose labors engage him until two or three in the afternoon, but allow him to go to law school at four, is hermetically sealed against the entrance of any knowledge of jurisprudence. In Connecticut, it would appear, no one can learn anything of law at night. This is a sad blow at the old theory of the midnight oil.

Let us pursue this Connecticut idea across the plains.

A given law school may require the doctorate in philosophy for admission to freshman year. Its faculty may include the most learned jurists in the country. The school may be able to show that its graduates regularly pass the State examinations with credit, and that the older alumni are among the leaders of the bar. Well and good; but if this school conducts classes late in the afternoon, or in the evening, its graduates are debarred by the Connecticut board.

What these graduates know, or do not know, of law, is immaterial. The fact that a student can present an advanced degree and a degree in law, is likewise immaterial. He may have passed a searching examination in the whole field of jurisprudence at his school, but that fact, too, is regarded as so much piffle.

Can formalism—which is love of labels and indifference as to content—go farther? The actual facts of the case are held to be irrelevant. They are replaced by the assumption that since the applicant comes from a school which conducts some, or all, classes in the evening, he has had no preparation, and knows nothing.

Yet all this is in complete harmony with the mind and practice of the standardizers who now rule our colleges. Unless an institution has a financial endowment, its students can learn nothing. Unless the faculty is ornamented with doctors, the quality of instruction is worthless.

It seems to me high time to break away from assumptions, and get down to the hard bedrock of fact.

I have no prejudice against a doctor of philosophy, as such. But if he goes into a classroom, I demand that he be able to teach, and that, in fact, he do teach. If he cannot teach, I would drop him into the wastebasket, even though he be authorized to drape himself in an academic dress as gaudy as the trappings of a circus horse.

How the standardizers who know anything of teaching can meet without an augurial wink, is hard to understand. Possibly the explanation is that many are good

easy folk who credit anything whispered by the board which employs them. Hence they come to believe that all is gold that glitters. They sell all they have to purchase an ingot, without first submitting the specimen to the assayer. Unlike wise little Alice who investigated before she put to her lips the bottle marked "DRINK ME"—in large capitals too—they eagerly quaff from any beaker presented by an approved committee. That is why some college professors are lead, not gold, and why standardizers are themselves occasionally forced to writhe in agony at sight of their work. A strikingly truthful picture of the typical American college deformed by over-standardization was given by Dr. W. S. Larned, in a Carnegie report a few years ago. Like a passport photograph, it is faithful but not flattering.

I would not wittingly cause even one tear to well from Mr. Wainscott's trustful orbs. But I would suggest, again with Alice, that he should not make jokes, if a joke saddens him. May I assure him that I, too, believe in preparing teachers? I emphasize the word—"teachers" and not, primarily, "doctors." The doctorate does not necessarily disqualify, but may Heaven speed the day when no doctor of philosophy will be suffered to remain in a classroom, unless it is demonstrated that he can teach. Other uses, possibly, can be found for him. I would propose, in lieu of a better plan, that we seal him in a vacuum wherein he may bombinate to his heart's content, and with no risk at all of ruining a class.

Sociology

The President's War Cry

PHILIP H. BURKETT, S.J.

ACCORDING to President Hoover's speech in New York City on April 22, at the luncheon of the Associated Press, the dominant issue before the American people today is law observance and law enforcement. No doubt this is true. For government becomes a laughing stock if its laws are not respected, and the laws themselves become a mockery, when obedience fails. But why this poignant cry against lawlessness and crime? Why this plaintive appeal to the people: "Please, do obey the laws or we perish all"?

In his speeches the President has repeatedly called upon the executives to enforce the law. He has also asked the people to become law-abiding. But he has consistently failed to draw the attention of the third party, that is, the law-making body, to its duties.

In effect, if not in theory, the President holds to the principle of the "Omnipotent State." The State is absolutely supreme in authority. Its enactments are above every form of law. The law has been passed. That is enough. It must be obeyed unconditionally.

The President's crime commission, recently appointed to examine into the elusive causes of crime and lawlessness will, no doubt, eat up much of the taxpayer's money. It will also consume valuable time. But it is equally certain that its reports, after countless weary hours of labor, will be thrown into the discard where its predecessors lie,

and make room for others. In fact, they will be shelved before the ink wherewith they're writ is dry. The reports will be good even though the contents be old; but they will be nothing more than sign-posts. They will point in the right direction and then nasty politics, conflicting interests, popular indifference or inaction, widespread local corruption and other termite forces operating in the dark, will manage to twist the posts. After that the beaten path will lead elsewhere. These sinister forces are working in secret all the time in the Federal as well as the State legislatures. Even our municipal government is hardly ever free from them.

The law philosophy of the President is awry. It is in sharp conflict with that of an old master in the science, Doctor Aquinas, the Angelic. This expert ethician taught well-nigh seven centuries ago that one of the essentials of a civil law, binding the wills of the people, is its *moral possibility*. Tens of thousands of professors and pupils ever since his day have followed his teaching. It cannot be wrong for it is based on sound ethics, which is right reason itself. It may be physically possible, says St. Thomas, for a people to observe a law; but at the same time it may be morally impossible for the executive branch of government to enforce it. Human nature, he argues, as it is at present constituted in any particular place or country, with a strong opposition to the law and a widespread disapproval of it and the possibility of evading or defeating it, makes the enforcement so exceedingly difficult that a prudent legislator must refrain from enacting such a law. It cannot be enforced, and hence it fails in one of the essentials. If enforcement is attempted, none the less, by drastic means, it will fail anyway. Besides, the attempted enforcement will defeat the very purpose for which the law was made, namely, the common welfare. In addition to that the by-products of such a process will cause evils in the community which are great beyond calculation. This is sound ethics; the contrary, bull-headedness and fanaticism.

Can we say that it is prudent or right or just for a legislative authority to make a law under such conditions? If it has been wheedled into making the law by fanatical agitators common sense cries aloud that the legislators speedily try to get out of the mess before greater harm has been done. Or is it better, perhaps, to sustain a limping law and make a pitiful plea for its support? Honest Abe Lincoln once said that the country could not be half-slave and half-free. It seems certain that he would be equally honest today, and add that the country could not long survive and be law-abiding if it continued prohibitionist and anti. We must pull together or we shall pull asunder.

President Hoover is more correct in his war cry against crime when he focuses the attention of the nation on our worn-out criminal procedure, on obstructing legal technicalities, on our inefficient or corrupt police force, and the lack of training of youth. State and Federal investigating committees have given us excellent data at times and splendid suggestions. But they have been driven to desperation on finding their honest and fruitful efforts balked at every turn by powerful adverse elements, or by

a veritable Babylon of conflicting views, all somehow working in the criminal's defence.

Some weeks ago I casually ran across a short article in the *American Phrenological Journal* for April, 1859, on the "Causes of Crime." It is rather amusing to read about the "frightful crimes" and "deeds of horror" in our country seventy years ago. The deeds are not specified, but we have good reason for surmising that they probably were some petty thievery, or perhaps a few mild open assaults made by some lone bandit or burglar. They would not secure a front page or a first column in our papers to-day. They might not even be "news." In any case they would be relegated to some obscure inch on the fourth page with a short and insignificant "head."

"Noticing several frightful crimes," writes the editor of the *New Orleans Bee*, seventy years ago,

in three of our principal cities, the *Louisville Journal* remarks that all these deeds of horror are sad evidences of the improper training of our young men. It might have added, and our young women also. We believe that our contemporary has correctly indicated the source of these terrible outrages. The truth is that a pernicious and radical error pervades the entire system of youthful training in America. The two prominent and glaring defects of that system are, first, the lack of moral teaching and next over-indulgence. There is scarcely one in a hundred families which pays regular and strict attention to the inculcation of moral and religious precepts in the minds of its youthful members. Boys and girls are alike reared with the dimmest and most obscure perceptions of their obligations towards society and their Maker.

Over-indulgence is a potent auxiliary to imperfect training. Our boys and girls are scarcely out of their swaddling clothes ere they are treated as young gentlemen and incipient ladies. While yet under the discipline of the teacher's ferule they conceive themselves competent to take their places in society. Boys of sixteen talk politics, frequent public amusements, smoke cigars, and imbibe intoxicating fluids. Girls of fourteen and fifteen chatter scandal, are fastidious and elegant in their toilet, play the woman, prate of marriage, and converse among themselves about their beaux. Long ere the years of discretion have arrived, both sexes know too much. Bearded youths are converted into rakish men of the world, and simpering misses, who ought still to wear pantalettes, are thoroughly grounded in the arts of flirtation and coquetry. To anticipate modesty, propriety, moral rectitude, and a sense of religious responsibility from such materials would be about as reasonable as to expect to find humanity in a tiger, courage in a hare, or genius in an idiot.

I should like to quote more from this article. It is interesting. We might note in passing that in those days there still existed a widespread belief in religious and moral principles, in obligations towards a Maker, in a "fallen nature," in virtue, in the duty of parents properly to rear their children, and last, but not least, in the teacher's ferule: all of which have been found by some to be inconsistent with the progress of modern culture and science.

What is the matter then with our law observance? Obviously, the law-sustaining forces, that is, respect for law and the lawmakers, and in particular, respect for the ten fundamental laws of the Supreme Lawmaker, are failing fast. Law observance, to be permanent without the threatening club, must be rooted in a good and law-abiding popular will, created by the above forces. Brute force never has created widespread obedience to law. It will fail miserably in this instance, too. The tack is wrong and

we are heading for a storm. Besides, compass, rudder and charts have been thrown overboard and we are now drifting. "Unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it."

With Script and Staff

THE recent convention of the Catholic Press Association at Cincinnati, reminded us again of the power of the Catholic press derived through organization and cooperation. In view of the progress that has been made in this respect by the C.P.A., it is interesting to note the rapid growth in Catholic press organization abroad.

With the Council of the League of Nations meeting this month in Madrid, and travelers from every land flocking to the expositions in Barcelona and Seville, attention centers on the tenth year of the international "Catholic Press Day," that will be celebrated in Toledo, Spain, on June 29, under the patronage of Cardinal Segura, Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of Spain. Cardinal Segura is taking a leading part in the organization of every kind of social work in Spain.

Every year, since 1919, the Feast of Sts. Peter and Paul has been celebrated in Spain by a special Catholic Press Convention. "Prayer, propaganda, and collections" were the means relied upon to secure success; and intensive efforts were made—each year in greater extent—to secure the cooperation of other nations. Polyglot posters were sent out, delegates invited, etc. From Spain the plan of an annual Press Day spread to Portugal, thence to Brazil—following the route of Magellan—thence to China (Hong Kong), and so on around the world.

At the present time the movement counts amongst its adherents some thirty nations, as follows: Argentina, Austria, Belgium, Canada, Colombia, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Chile, Ecuador, England, France, Germany, Guatemala, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Luxemburg, Mexico, Paraguay, Poland, San Salvador, Santo Domingo, Switzerland, Uruguay, Venezuela, Jugoslavia, besides Spain, Portugal, China and Brazil. Since its inception, 1,677,419.03 pesetas (about \$240,000), has been collected in Spain for the advancement of the Catholic Press, an average of \$20,000 yearly over a period of twelve years.

A second edition of a "World Catalogue of the Catholic Press," the first edition of which was published in 1913, is now in preparation. A special request is made by the Director to obtain lists and sample numbers of Catholic newspaper publications of every kind to complete the catalogue. Address: Msgr. Ildefonso Montero Diaz, P. O. Box 28, Toledo, Spain.

IN view of the difficulties presented by Catholic publicity in this country, one or two practical points are worth noting in connection with this movement. The Catholic Press Day owes its existence and its continuance to a sponsoring organization, appropriately titled "Ora et Labora" (Pray and Toil), which was founded by its present Director and ten seminarians of the Archdiocese

of Seville in 1905. Besides its press activities, the association aims at the practical training of personnel for Catholic Action, and the technical and economic improvement of Catholic activities. The rapid development of "Ora et Labora" should encourage the growing tendency in our American seminaries, both diocesan and Religious, to devote attention to the problems of Catholic Action as they face us in the United States.

"Ora et Labora" speaks gratefully of the cooperation shown by our own N.C.W.C. News Service, by the International Office of Catholic Organizations in Rome, the International Catholic Press Association (KIPA) of Switzerland, and the Catholic International Congress (IKA), which meets this year at Budapest. Besides the work of publicity and information of the public as to contemporary Catholic doings and teachings, may not the growth of national and international organizations related to or interested in the Catholic press lead to another useful development, which few seem to have thought of: that of an international archives or repository of contemporary Church history? Were all the important facts—biographical, statistical, etc.—which are collected and published by Catholic periodicals in so many countries and languages every day, week or month throughout the world collected by some central agency for future reference, where they would be easily and immediately accessible to writers and scholars of all nations, what a storehouse for future historians would be built up, what a safeguard against the distortions and forgetfulness of time!

AT the recent "Catholic Action Week" at Rosary College, River Forest, Ill., Pope Leo XIII's encyclical on "The Condition of Labor" was discussed in five-minute talks by the students, and prominent speakers treated of such matters as The Lay Apostolate, Gregorian Music, Catholic Emancipation, The Catholic Family, Catholic Action and the Eucharist, The Big Sister Movement, and The National Council of Catholic Women. A similar program had been carried out recently, also with great effect, at Marygrove College, Detroit.

In his usual practical way, Mr. Patrick F. Scanlan, editor of the Brooklyn *Tablet*, pointed out in a recent pamphlet that there is an abundance of these and other timely topics connected with our Faith for speakers to treat of at our annual Communion breakfasts, instead of giving rein to political oratory or talks on merely secular subjects. Moreover, adds Mr. Scanlan, "twenty or thirty orators at one breakfast on the same day are too many.... Two worthwhile speakers at the most, and the spiritual director, are plenty at any breakfast. One hour's oratory, wherein several important subjects are covered, is sufficient. There is absolutely no obligation to invite, or to permit to be invited, local personages to speak.... Many of our Communion breakfasts are well conducted. There should be no exception to the rule."

The growth of interest in the live topics of Catholic Action should give new life, too, to our college and school Commencement exercises. The Pilgrim has never favored the idea of relegating the Commencement, as such, to the church or chapel, but believes that rather the Commence-

ment should be better appreciated, developed—and, if need be remodeled—as a golden opportunity to arouse interest amongst young and old in the timely topics of the day.

MENTION of the high school retreats drew a reminder from a friend of the thoughtful action taken in Bridgeport, Pa., by Father Thomas Schwertner, O.P., in his annual retreat for cripples and invalids, held this year on April 20, and noticed in the following item:

Cripples and invalids confined to their homes will be taken to Holy Name Church, Berks and Gaul streets, next Monday afternoon, when religious services will be held especially for them.

This annual retreat, the only one of its kind in the United States, is conducted each year by the pastor of the church, Rev. Thomas M. Schwertner, O.P. More than 600 cripples attended last year.

Twenty nurses from St. Mary's Hospital of Philadelphia and transportation furnished by the St. Vincent de Paul Society of the parish, cared for the physical end. The correspondent, himself one of the cripples, prays for the extension of the good work to others in similar circumstances.

THE PILGRIM.

IN AN OLD LIBRARY

Here have I labored all the day,
In this old room, whose windows doze
Above the downtown streets where May,
In pity of their starkness, throws
Her green scarf for their trees to catch
And wear—and think of forest homes!
The sound of children playing comes
Insisting that it is the spring
Without. Within—not anything
To break the silence but the scratch
My pen makes as from ancient tomes
And script that men now dead, once wrote
I cull and cull and sift and note. . . .

In weariness I turn a page,
Like all those that have gone before,
Yellowed as they, by use and age.
I read . . . and write . . . and read . . . think
Of woods where sunbeams hide and blink!
And write . . . and chafe at duty's must.
Till, half way down, like flash of light,
Some words leap out, a thought, no more,
Penned by some hand long turned to dust.
And, instantly, the dingy room
Is filled with youth and youth's delight
With spring-time's witchery and bloom.
Gone is my bored fatigue. The while
I read the radiant words I smile
Walking in woods *indoors!* What wrought
This sudden miracle of thought?
These blurred words scrawled in fading ink
By fingers long since turned to mould
Upon a page three centuries old?

Naught else? But whence the magic power
Behind the hand that held the quill
That painted tree and bird and flower
With words, made youth's ecstatic hour
So vivid that it pulses still?
Soft, from its place upon the shelf
The Book of Books makes answer itself,
With verse and line . . . "The Spirit bloweth
Where it listeth, no man knoweth
Whence it cometh, where it goeth."

GRACE H. SHERWOOD.

Literature

The Strong Voice of Gandersheim

IRVING T. McDONALD

THAT was what she called herself, this tenth-century Benedictine nun, probably in a playful whimsy suggested by the etymology of her name. For if poets may not play, how can they be poets?

But Roswitha (or Hrosvitha, among its variants) could not know that the echoes of the strong Voice would continue to vibrate through the centuries. How could she imagine—musing over her hexameters in a convent garden of Eastphalian Saxony; dreaming out the distichs of Constantia's story for her sister nuns to read aloud at recreation; or weeping, as she must have wept, as passing travelers told of the martyring of St. Pelagius—that she would one day be regarded as the true parent of modern drama? that hundreds of years after her death, she would be "discovered" by the first poet laureate of her native land and published to the admiration of the cultured world? that some of her plays would be performed publicly in Paris 900 years after her death, and even later than that in London and New York? that Shakespeare himself would be said to have borrowed from her? that her "Theophilus" would make her the precursor of Christopher Marlowe in the sixteenth century and of the great Goethe himself in the nineteenth? that the theme of her "Abraham" and "Paphnutius" would, garbed as "Les Dames Aux Camelias," move to tears audiences around the world? Why, she even anticipated the Benedictine Leoninus himself in the form of verse, the leonine hexameter to which, through his use of it two centuries later, his name has been given. Truly, her position in the history of European literature is unique and notable.

Born about the year 935, little or nothing is known of her life before her entrance into the Benedictine order at the convent of Gandersheim. This took place sometime before 959. It was perhaps a fortunate coincidence that the Abbess of Gandersheim at that time was Gerberger, niece of Otto I, for Otto desired to make his court, like that of Charlemagne, the center of science, art and letters. This lady is not to be confused with a previous Abbess Gerberger of the same monastery, who was niece of the Duke of Westphalia, and under whose direction the community was transferred from Brunshausen to Gandersheim in 881. Gerberger herself has been called the most accomplished woman of her time, and it was under her special direction that Roswitha, also an aristocrat by birth, was to become an outstanding example of the culture of the period.

Roswitha's writings, which are all in Latin, were lost to the world until 1501, when they were discovered in the Benedictine monastery of St. Emmeran, at Ratisbon, by Konrad Celtes, who had become Germany's first poet laureate. It is interesting to note that in 1867 another German, Joseph Ritter von Aschbach, in "Roswitha und Konrad Celtes," attempted to prove that the nun's "Carmen de gestis Oddonis I, Imperatoris" was dishonestly attributed to Roswitha, and that it was actually

composed by Celtes himself. This accusation must have been received with interest, for the book went into a second edition in 1868; but it was definitely and conclusively refuted by Köpke a year later in Berlin.

The works of Roswitha divide naturally into three classes. One is a group of eight narrative hexameter poems, two of which are of Biblical origin, while the others are based on legends of the saints. The former are "Maria" (*Leben Mariens*), a composition of 859 hexameters dealing with the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin according to the apocryphal Gospel of St. James, and "The Ascension." The six legends belonging to this group are "The Martyrdom of St. Gandalph;" "St. Pelagius," the youthful martyr of Cordoba, who was a contemporary of the poetess; "Lapsus et Conversio Theophili Vicedomini," the legend of a diabolical bargain which is the earliest poetical rendition of the "Faust" legend, and in which the nun displayed an amazing imagination by her description of the ritual of Satan's court; the legend of "St. Basil," with a plot not unlike that of "Theophilus;" and the martyrdoms of "St. Dionysius" and "St. Agnes."

A second group consists of two versified historical chronicles. The more important of these is the "Carmen de Gestis Oddonis," whose authorship Aschbach unsuccessfully disputed. This epic sings, in heroic measure reminiscent of its Virgilian prototype, the achievements of Otto the Great, uncle of Roswitha's abbess. It was completed in the year 967 and presented by the authoress to the aged emperor and his son, who had already been crowned as Otto II. The work is even yet, as much of it as is still extant, greatly valued by historians, for it adheres so closely to the materials supplied by members of the royal family that it is regarded as an authoritative source. Unfortunately, half of it is missing: the period from 962 to 967 remains in summary only, and the verses that treated of the preceding nine years are lost altogether.

The other chronicle is the "De primordiis et fundatoribus coenobii Gandersheimensis." In this poem of 837 hexameters she celebrates the foundation and history of her monastery, Gandersheim, up to the year 919, effecting an additional interest by the insertion of numerous romantic legends.

Although the whole bulk of Roswitha's work is considered to have foreshadowed the subsequent development of German poetry and so to have secured her a definite place in literature's story, it is in the third group of her writings, her dramatic compositions, that we must seek the reason for her truly unique status.

It is probably true, as has been supposed by several authorities, that Roswitha did not write her dramas with a view to production, but merely for reading aloud or recitation by the Sisters. The fact that some of her pieces have been publicly performed several times in recent years (including a presentation in the Théâtre des Marionnettes at Paris about 1890, and another at the Studio Theater of Joseph Lauren in New York in 1926) is less significant than the fact that they have not been done more frequently. Dramatic artists will try anything once, and

justify it as a museum piece, if no other grounds for justification are present; but only success, artistic or commercial, will prompt a repetition. The important point seems to be overlooked, however: even mere reading aloud or recitation in themselves constitute dramatic presentation of a kind, and when compositions are discovered that were patently conceived for this purpose, we have genuine drama.

That Roswitha was conscious of the dramatic form when she wrote is clear, for she frankly testifies that she was copying the Terentian style.

Lamenting the fact that many Christians, carried away by the beauty of the play, take delight in the comedies of Terence and thereby learn many impure things, she determines to copy closely his style, in order to adapt the same methods to the extolling of triumphant purity in saintly virgins as he has used to depict the victory of vice.

Cultural dramatic composition had languished for nearly a thousand years. Since the death of Seneca, in 65 A.D., no worthy product in this form is recorded. And so, to the Benedictine nun must belong the unquestioned distinction of being the first dramatist of the medieval period, to which, and not to that previous classical school of Greece and Rome, the drama as it subsequently developed, owes its origin.

Whether or not she designed her imitation of Terence to be numerical as well as stylistic, she left us an even half-dozen plays, which, while written in Latin prose, possess more than a suggestion of rhythm, as well as occasional rhymes. They are known by the names of the chief character in each, as follows: "Gallicanus," "Dulcitus," "Callimachus," "Abraham," "Paphnutius" and "Sapientia." There is no variation of dramatic type among their plots. In the first mentioned, which was apparently her most popular effort, Gallicanus, a pagan general of Constantine, seeks the hand of his emperor's Christian daughter, Constantia, who is constrained to pledge herself to him just before his departure for the Scythian campaign, despite the fact that she had already taken a vow of perpetual maidenhood. In the battle, however, Gallicanus is converted to Christianity, and on his return to Rome releases her from her pledge, finally dying for his faith in exile.

In "Dulcitus," a prefect of that name under Diocletian attempts to coerce three Christian maidens, Agape, Chionia and Irene, into marriage with dignitaries of the Court. "He has his victims imprisoned in a kitchen," according to Father Scheid's synopsis, "and with evil intent makes his silent way toward them under cover of night; but God punishes him with blindness, and the prefect embraces but sooty pots and pans. Though he does not know it, his appearance as he emerges is that of a charcoal burner, and his utter discomfiture is led up to in the merriest of scenes; the three maidens win the palm of martyrdom."

Martha Fletcher Bellinger remarks in her "Short History of the Drama" that, "according to the usage of today, Roswitha is not always decorous." It is likely that, when she wrote it, she was thinking of "Callimachus," which reminds Father Scheid of Goethe's "Braut von

Korinth." It deals with the violent carnal passion of Callimachus for the saintly Drusiana, a passion so uncontrollable that, upon her death, it even carries him to her tomb, intent on profanation. This is miraculously prevented, and he meets his own death instead, after which, by the mediation of St. John, both Callimachus and Drusiana are raised from the dead to Christian life.

"Abraham" and "Paphnutius" describe the conversion of fallen women, and "Sapientia" is concerned with the martyrdom of Wisdom's daughters, Faith, Hope and Charity.

To quote Dr. Adolphus Ward, "All these themes are treated with both spirit and skill, often with instinctive knowledge of dramatic effect, often with genuine touches of pathos and undeniable felicities of expression . . . They are in any case, the productions of genius . . ."

Truly, we repeat, her position in the history of European letters is notable and unique.

REVIEWS

Leopold of the Belgians. By COMTE LOUIS DE LICHTERVELDE. Translated by THOMAS H. REED and H. RUSSELL REED. New York: The Century Company. \$4.00.

Queen Louise of Prussia. By GERTRUDE ARETZ. Translated by RUTH PUTNAM. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

Unlike much of modern biography neither of these volumes is iconoclastic. Both of them are written in a sympathetic vein and generally true to fact. They depict royalty in its better moods. While neither author conceals the defects of the subjects with which he or she deals, a kindly charity inclines to extenuate rather than accentuate them. The result is that the interpretations of character they give are both fair and natural. Comte de Lichtervelde's study is less a personal biography than a political appraisement of Leopold II. Not so popular in his own day, since his death national appreciation of him has grown. He who was the subject of keen criticism during the various Cabinet crises through which he passed, and for his mode of dealing with troublesome international problems that agitated the early years of his Government, and more particularly for his connection with the founding of the Belgian Congo, has come to be looked upon as a generous benefactor of his country, and a far-seeing statesman. As for Queen Louise, 1776-1810, her life gets its color particularly by contrast with her spineless husband, Frederick William III, for whose political shortcomings she attempted to compensate (an attempt that cost her dearly and brought her into disfavor with her Prussian subjects) and from her relations with Czar Alexander I. By nature a woman of charm and culture, her royal marriage brought her contacts, domestic and international, that she would rather have shunned, and which forced her to measure her strength with her husband's Ministers, and with the French, Austrian, and Russian courts. Her lot was cast in stirring times and dark days for Russia, and these give interest to her biography.

W. I. L.

Tipperary. By REV. JAMES H. COTTER. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. \$2.25.

There is no difficulty in getting any real Irishman to admit that his native isle is, according to the song, "just a little bit of heaven that fell from out the sky." But a debate would arise as to which County is the choicest bit of this heaven. Father Cotter does not argue the point, but he does make a splendid case in favor of his native Tipperary. That name was desecrated by a soldiers' song in the first years of the Great War; Father Cotter, with righteous indignation, led the protest against this song. In this volume, he states in his Introduction, "My thoughts on Tipperary are in the sense of an atonement for the insult offered her. . . ." To this filial duty he brings the abundance of his scholarship, the charm of his

style and the zeal of his patriotic love. The materials for his volume were gathered from the memories of his childhood freshened up by maturer impressions gathered during his visits home from America in later years, and from a lifetime of study of Irish history and literature. The sequence is that of a tour through the County. Leaving Limerick, he brings the reader first to Cashel and its Rock, where he lingers to tell of all the romance and all the history that clusters about it. From Cashel, he goes to Thurles and Holy Cross Abbey; at Tybird, he pauses to pay respect to the great historian, Dr. Keating. Then on he advances to Mullinahone, the birthplace of Charles J. Kickham, "poet, novelist, and above all, patriot," whose centenary was celebrated last year. Through the greater part of two chapters, he refreshes our memory about the classical novels, "Knocknagow" and "For the Old Land." On he progresses through a countryside rich in legend and important in historical fact, startling in its scenic beauty and home-like in its people, until he comes to famed Slievenamon, "the brave mountain that has ever been the refuge of patriots." Thus, Father Cotter's volume becomes a veritable guidebook to Tipperary; but not only a guide to what one may see with his eyes, but to what has transpired on its soil through the ages past, to what notable children it has begot, to what is the soul and the spirit of the land. A just tribute is paid to the author's sister, Sara Cecilia Cotter King, whose art in sculpture merits for her a place among the notable daughters of Tipperary.

F. X. T.

Foch Speaks. By MAJOR CHARLES BUGNET. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. \$3.00.

The aide-de-camp to Marshal Foch assumes the role of Boswell and tells the story of the leader who has earned our gratitude and the man who extorts our admiration. "The one gave us the victory; the other leaves us an example." M. Bugnet makes frank avowal of the singleness of purpose which produced this record. Following the Marshal's own maxim, he has willed to perform a useful work and achieve an object. That object is, we are told, "to show him as I saw him and understand him—not to increase his glory, to which I can add nothing, but to make him better known, and therefore better loved." Accordingly, the author divides his study into two parts. The first is a presentation of Foch himself, his character, his methods, his points of view, for the most part in the brief observations of the Marshal himself. In the second part of the book there is a sketch of the man in action, to illustrate, no doubt, the theories at work, fidelity to principles, and consistency of the man of iron will. As M. Bugnet himself briefly summarizes: "While listening to Marshal Foch, it was no call of clarion nor fanfare of war that I heard, but appeals to reason, the inculcation of method, the glorification of work and will, a moral lesson." Wishing to inspire others, the author makes no effort to conceal his personal devotion and admiration. Yet there is no semblance of strain, no forcing of points, no exaggeration. If any complaint were registered it would most likely concern itself with the evident signs of haste which here and there leave the accounts inadequate. Many admire and love Foch chiefly as "The Gray Man of Christ" and they would gladly have welcomed a more detailed picture of the General on his knees as well as in his office and in the field. The man of Faith, of course, stands out in these pages, and it is perhaps only because many share his conviction that Faith is "the light without which nothing prevails" that they thirst for the inspiration which comes from such a patriot, soldier and man of God. There is inspiration, as well, in the story of a man who arrived at the Supreme Command by the compelling force of merit and not on account of birth or intrigue or chance. "His success was not the result of accident fortunately exploited, but the fruit of persevering endurance. The victor owes his success to his human qualities—patiently, carefully, and deliberately acquired." With this message comes the assurance, with characteristic modesty, that "anyone can do the same." This work of Major Bugnet should be carefully read by our young men who have already learned to admire the soldier so that by the careful study of his methods they might be induced to imitate the man.

F. S. P.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Reminiscences of Ireland.—A little more than a year ago, William O'Brien received his last summons. His "Irish Fireside Hours" had just been published a short time before his death. That volume of his memories has been companioned by "Golden Memories" (Dublin: Gill. 6/), edited by his widow, Sophie O'Brien. The role of editor is an understatement, for the volume consists mostly of an intimate biography of William O'Brien. The first two chapters contain a series of letters written by the Irish leader. The first group date from 1888, from a timid little note by the mother of Sophie Raffalovich. Mother and daughter were French sympathizers with the Irish cause. O'Brien responded graciously; more letters followed, then visits; the romance bloomed and, with Sophie's conversion, the marriage took place in 1890. These love letters contain many references to Parliament, politics and personalities. The second group of letters, dated 1890 and 1891, were written mostly from prison or about the prison experiences of O'Brien. The concluding chapter is a wife's tribute to her deceased husband. There is a simplicity and sincerity in the pages that is charming.

In "Old Ireland" (Doubleday, Doran. \$5.00), A. M. Sullivan, "last of the King's Serjeants and one of his Majesty's counsel," as the title page announces, writes his "reminiscences of an Irish K. C." His recollections go back nearly three-quarters of a century; his career was in the midst of turbulent political happenings; his lot was cast among those who led or misled the Irish people. This volume is an autobiographical recital of his attitudes towards the events and personalities of his time. It sparkles with anecdotes and opinions; it records the conflicts of ideals and loyalties and ambitions. In many ways, it is an irritating book for the true Irish patriot, for Serjeant Sullivan was happy in the old regime. His "Old Ireland" is an apologia for his life; on the concluding page he consoles himself with the assertion that: "I had tried to fit myself to be of service to Old Ireland, and I had no right to desert her while she could be served. I thought of this anxiously as I gathered my children about me and set out to commence life again among strangers. It was no act of disloyalty. Old Ireland was dead."

Spiritual Reading.—Devotion to the Blessed Virgin has always been a sign of vigorous Catholic life. From the writings of the Fathers to the most recent reflections of devout authors, the praises of Mary have been caught up by the Faithful and treasured for meditation and prayer. Canon Ch. Cordonnier has searched once again the Gospel narrative and recognized sources for the compilation of his excellent book "The Blessed Virgin. Her Times; Her Life; Her Virtues" (Herder. \$2.00). He finds in the unchanging customs of the East, the authentic accounts of Jewish laws from the books of Leviticus and Deuteronomy, and in other writings plentiful material for a new and excellent tribute to the Mother of God.

"To Thee I Come" (Kenedy. \$1.50) is a simple, sincere and convincing treatise on the efficacy of praying to Our Blessed Mother. The author, Canon de St. Laurent, selects the chief events of Our Lady's life for the subject of appropriate meditations; always keeping in mind the consoling fact of the Blessed Virgin's willingness to exercise her power in our behalf. "Mary: Our Life, Our Sweetness and Our Hope" (St. Louis: Vincentian Press. \$1.50) is a collection from modern writers and preachers as well as from other classic sources of thoughts on the Blessed Mother. The spirit of devotion marks this little book as a work of love for which the compiler asked no more recognition than is gained by the simple initials S.M.A., a Sister of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross.

Pierre Charles, S.J., has issued a second series of meditations in "Prayer for all Times" (Kenedy. \$1.85). In the first volume the author placed us in the presence of God and showed how we could attain to Him; in the present series he shows that we can reach Him only by the help of grace. The hearty approval given to the first volume has undoubtedly prepared a ready welcome to this second series.

The Priest's Library.—In "The Pastoral Companion" (Chicago: Franciscan Herald Press. \$1.75) priests who are engaged in active ministry will find a rich store of ready information on a variety of serviceable subjects. This is a translation from the German work of Fr. Louis Anler, O.F.M. The Sacraments, Indulgences, Faculties of Priests, Canonical standing of Religious with regard to the Sacred Ministry and a chapter on the Third Orders are treated in concise, clear, compact form.

"The Mystery of the Kingdom" (Longmans, Green. \$2.00) is a series of sermons by the Rev. Ronald Knox in which the Catholic doctrine of the Church and of human salvation are thrown into relief against a background of Jewish Messianic speculation. "Sermons and Addresses" (Herder. \$2.25) is the first volume in a projected series of discourses by the Rev. A. M. Skelly, O.P. The present volume contains some twenty sermons suitable for missions and Holy Name meetings, together with panegyrics on the saints. All the discourses are marked by a clearness, directness and scholarliness that deserve study and imitation. "The Wounded World" (Herder. \$90c) is a course of sermons preached by C. C. Martindale, S.J., in Farm Street Church, Mayfair. Uniform in size and binding with the former volumes on "Christ is King" and "The Kingdom and the World" the present offering is marked by the same wide vision, thorough treatment and pleasing presentation. "The Lost Confession and Other Lectures" (St. Louis: Vincentian Press. \$2.00) is printed by way of a memorial to the late Rev. Joseph F. Nugent, D.D., of Des Moines, Iowa. The life and work of Father Nugent is recalled in the funeral oration delivered by the Rev. Charles F. Buddy. "The Philosophy of Civilization," "The Spark that started the Reformation," "The Lost Confession," and "The Attitude of the Catholic Church toward the Bible" are the subjects of lectures that show the mind of a scholar and the heart of a true apostle.

Jottings in Books.—During the years 1922-24, Burton Rascoe contributed a daily column to the *Herald-Tribune*. With the sincerity of a young enthusiast, he made it his business to know people of literary importance, to foregather with them in their homes and offices, and in general to be the reporter about town. He likewise aspired to the role of being something of a literary arbiter about books, old and new. Undoubtedly, many things that he said in his daily column were well said; and many of his Boswellian jottings were not only interesting to his readers but worthy of being remembered for or against the Johnsons of the day. Under the title of "A Bookman's Daybook" (Liveright. \$3.00), C. Hartley Grattan has collected what he considers the more permanent selections from Mr. Rascoe's column. The volume is a gossipy record of the literary group with which Mr. Rascoe consortied at the time.

It is something of a marvel that such eccentric individualists as Vachel Lindsay can win a hearing, and even a following in the contemporary world of letters. His poetry no less than his prose and still no less than his drawings are the excess of freakishness; that, of course, is not the language of his admirers who see naught but genius in his caperings. His latest outpourings are "The Litany of Washington Street" (Macmillan. \$3.00), a collection of verses and articles that appeared in the *Dearborn Independent* in 1927. Walt Whitman is the hero most commemorated, quoted, and imitated. Washington and Lincoln also are in it. Happily, it is a thin volume of a little more than one hundred pages, but heavy because of its calendered paper.

Patrick Braybrooke is another editor for whom one may mourn. He published irritating, it may be silly, appreciations of Chesterton, Belloc and others, a few years ago. He has now edited "A Chesterton Catholic Anthology" (Kenedy. \$2.50) that is unworthy of the foreword of Owen Francis Dudley and the permission of Mr. Chesterton. It is made up of selected sentences from a few of Chesterton's books; the sentences are no more notable than any single article from Chesterton's pen. A few poems from Chesterton are followed by a "Selected Hymn from the English Hymnal" and several appendices that have nothing to do with anything.

**Liv. The Mountain Tavern. The Black Pigeon. Adios.
The Treadmill.**

A six-page preface by Rebecca West calling attention to the excellencies of the work of Kathleen Coyle creates a bit of suspicion in regard to "Liv" (Dutton. \$2.50). A novel should stand or fall by itself; its merits, if any, should be self-evident to the reader; a friendly review of the book, by way of introduction, would seem to be in bad taste. "Liv" is a very thin, slight story of a Norwegian girl who, due to her Viking blood, wishes, in the current idiom, "to go places and do things." She is the daughter of Pastor Evensen, raised in an evangelical household. She longs for escape, for the fuller, richer life, so called. She goes to Paris, to study cooking, and there has an experience with a Don Juan and several less romantic experiences in artistic circles. Unharmed, but satisfied, she returns, presumably, to her Norwegian lover and home. There is little to the novel save the occasional felicity of style. Miss Coyle is less vague and shadowy in this novel than in "Shule Agra" and "The Widow's House." But she still has a fondness for inverted ideas.

One lays down "The Mountain Tavern" (Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50) with the same bad taste in one's brain as one did the earlier stories of Liam O'Flaherty. There is something cruel, something morbid and repellent in Mr. O'Flaherty's outlook on life. The bitterness of the soul is apparent in almost every one of the short stories that comprise this volume. Anger, hate, murder, treachery, sin, blasphemy, and all the other black things of life are the motivating forces of the stories; even in the briefer sketches of animals, he can see little but death and suffering. For these themes, he has undoubted ability; his sense of dramatic values is keen and his style is incisive. His writings betray an unhealthy soul-life.

"The Black Pigeon" (Greenberg. \$2.00) by Anne Austin is a challenge to confirmed mystery hounds. Almost every character in the story is under suspicion for the death of "Handsome Harry" Borden; except, perhaps, his secretary, Ruth Lester, who used to feed the pigeons every morning from the sill of the office window which looked across the narrow airshaft into the office of Jack Hayward, Ruth's fiance. Of course Hayward had reasons for disliking Borden and had innocently woven a net of circumstances which might prove difficult to explain. But Ruth was the only one who knew and she would never tell. The dead man's widow was not without motive for the deed and she was, perhaps, the last one to visit the office on that fateful Saturday afternoon. Detective Sergeant McMann, of the New York police force, well merits the \$5,000 reward for bringing the murderer to justice.

California, with its memories of Spanish rule, its conflicts between the early settlers and the adventurous "gringos" forms the background of a colorful story of romance and adventure in the fighting fifties. "Adios" (Morrow. \$2.50), by "The Bartletts" (Lanier Bartlett and Virginia Stivers Bartlett) is based on the alleged actual exploits of a famous bandit and a famous ranger. Captain Howard does not know that the bandit he is hunting is the adored brother of the girl he loves. So the story runs in the most approved fashion to delight even the jaded cinema fans and satisfy the art of a Fairbanks. No doubt the story will flash its way onto the screen.

Lola Joan Simpson, who has shown elsewhere what education may mean for a democratic public, shows what it too often means in reality in her indictment of the present American school system with standardization as the goal of achievement. "The Treadmill" (Macmillan. \$2.00) gives a rather dark picture. It is a bit of worth while propaganda against the ignorance, vulgarity, malicious gossip, and autocratic interference which have brought disillusionment to many others besides Leslie Burleson. Starting her work as teacher of history in the high school, she brought with her the spirit of high adventure and a noble purpose. Before long, however, the grind of the mill and the creaking and buzzing of tattlers and gossips broke down her spirit and shattered her ideals. There is enough romance and complication to form the basis of a good novel; but the characterization is poor, the dialogue too uniform and the action measured to the slow tread of the mill. But as a bit of propaganda the book deserves extensive notice and careful deliberation.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Scholarship and Teaching Ability

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article "Standardize the Standardizers," by Mr. John Wiltby, in the issue of AMERICA for June 1, seems to me to place too little emphasis upon the necessity of all college teachers being good scholars. I am very ready to grant that the Ph.D., even when awarded for notable research, does not make a teacher. On the other hand, the fact that a teacher is a Doctor of Philosophy is not a handicap if he is otherwise qualified.

The lack of the Ph.D. degree is in itself no criticism of a teacher's scholarship. For instance, the retiring head of the Department of Romance Languages at Yale, Professor C. C. Clarke, holds only the M.A. and yet has contributed more to the study of French than almost any other American teacher. The head of our own Department of Biology, Professor Marcella Boveri, holds only the B.S. degree—yet she organized the Department of Biology at Vassar, and is generally recognized as one of the foremost women scientists in the world. Such teachers have shown by the success of their students and by their own contributions to knowledge that they are leaders in their fields. On the other hand, the teacher who has merely taught, without keeping abreast of the advance of knowledge in his field and without showing that he is a contributor to knowledge, has no real place in the college classroom. A teacher who is not at the same time a scholar cannot lead his students any better than, if as well as, a scholar who is not a teacher. There are in our colleges today too many teachers whose only claim rests upon long years of experience.

In a series of articles upon education, published in AMERICA in the winter of 1927-1928, I tried to show at length the relationship between scholarship and teaching and the contribution which graduate study was making to both. Since then there has been much written against the requirement of the Ph.D. degree for college teachers. I feel that such criticisms would be better devoted to the methods pursued in our graduate schools or, better still, to the poor judgment of those responsible for faculty appointments.

New Haven, Conn.

NICHOLAS MOSELEY.

[The Yale Department of Romance Languages and Albertus Magnus' Department of Biology would be disqualified by certain standardizing agencies; that was the point of John Wiltby's article. Mr. Moseley seems to ignore the distinction between productive and absorptive scholarship; the latter is necessary in a teacher—"keeping abreast of the advance of knowledge"—the former, to be a "contributor to knowledge," is not necessary. Ed. AMERICA.]

What Goes to the Worker?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

An editorial in the issue of AMERICA for May 25 asks: "What part of the product goes to the worker?" The writer could give an up-to-date answer had his interest not been dulled during the past four or five years.

During the period when the estimated value of industrial capital was 300 billions the estimated annual product was 75 billions. The relation between the valuation of capital and the product must be approximately the same now.

All of the 300 billions of capital must have at least 5 per cent earning power. The compensation to capital can come only out of the current or annual product. Thus, 15 billions of the annual product must go to capital in the form of interest. Fifteen billions is 20 per cent of the annual product. So we have it that, on the average, a commodity that retails for \$1.00 contains a 20-cent charge for interest. And yet usury is not supposed to be current in the world today, and the Church would hold that 5 per cent interest on capital is not sinful.

That the reader may satisfy himself of the approximate accuracy

of 20 per cent being the real interest charge, let him consider any million-dollar manufacturing plant. Such a plant demands \$50,000 a year in the form of interest. The value added to the product in the factory by reason of the wages paid the workers cannot be any more than the total of the wages paid. A million-dollar manufacturing plant, on the average, does not employ more than 250 workers and does not have a payroll greater than \$250,000 a year. This means that an amount equal to 20 per cent of the wages of the workers is represented by interest. Further, one can readily see that it requires an investment of \$4,000 to employ the average worker, whether it be a gasoline filling station, grocery, department store, machine shop or factory, and the average wage will be around \$1,000 a year.

But all charges must be paid out of the current product, and not a particle out of capital. So, take seven or eight billions for Government, State and municipal taxes and there is a further deduction of 10 per cent of the annual product, and, of course, this is coincident with capital getting its 20 per cent, that cannot be touched by taxation.

In addition, there is a minimum charge of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent for depreciation of industrial capital, that must also come out of the annual product. And, the value of capital being four times the value of the annual product, another 10 per cent must come from what would otherwise be available to the worker.

So, capital gets 20 per cent of the product as interest, 10 per cent as depreciation, and taxes take 10 per cent, leaving 60 per cent of the product to the workers.

Providence, R. I.

M. P. CONNERY.

Our Earnest Legislators

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Many people are inclined to attribute the blame for the flood of ill-considered laws that is swamping the country to the indifference and frivolity of the law-makers. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The men are in earnest, in deadly earnest—and this is apparent to anyone that has had a chance to talk with them.

No wonder they are amazed at the reception the public gives to their efforts. The legislative body is in the position of the ass in the fable that tried to show his affection for his master, spaniel-like, by jumping all over him. The dismay of the master is only equalled by the perplexity of the ass who was so soundly belabored.

Lord save us from our servants! The poor legislators are out to show the public that they are worthy of their hire, and the only way they can do it is by making laws. They may, in truth, be very Solons, but they were unfortunate in being born too late.

At present we have just about all the laws we want, so what are we going to do with the legislatures? They serve a purpose in the body politic, but the occasions when they are needed are becoming fewer. And, when they are not usefully employed, something must be done to keep them out of mischief.

Well then, here is the remedy that I propose. Let us go back to the ancients. The Chinese had a paradoxical way of dealing with their doctors that was not so foolish as it might seem. The doctor was paid so long as his client remained well. But once the man fell ill the doctor's salary ceased running until the man had been restored to complete health.

So, in our case, the public might impress upon the legislators that they will be considered to have earned their salary if they will only keep quiet. Or rather, if they will stage, as occasion demands, those displays of oratory that visitors to our State Houses find so amusing. For, after all, a certain amount of numbo-jumbo is needed in government, and where else could you get so much dignity and rhetoric at so low a price? Then when public opinion really demanded a law, the salaries would cease until the wish had been carried out.

This, it seems to me, would make for dispatch and efficacy in the enactment of laws, and all concerned would be satisfied. Of course, this is only a tentative proposal; but, as was said before, the earnestness of our legislators is truly a dreadful thing, and something should be done to bring home to them that "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Boston.

LEO FITZGERALD, S.J.

Two Margarets, Mary and Elaine

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The "very mild warning" given by the Pilgrim on May 25, on my work with the pupils of St. Francis de Sales' school, was justified by the very limited data in his hands. I am justified in asking the privilege of a brief rebuttal.

The reader of the note would inevitably conclude that my work was limited to the over-development of a few pupils in the line of mathematics. This certainly would be poor and dangerous pedagogy.

A representative of the North Central Association has visited our school on three occasions during the past four years. He examined the work in every room of the grade and the high school. On the first occasion his parting words were: "It has been a delight and an inspiration from the beginning." On the last occasion his parting words were: "I have reorganized my whole philosophy of education on the basis of what I have seen in St. Francis de Sales school."

No judgment on this work, worthy of a moment's consideration, can be given by those who refuse to enter the school and examine the classes as a whole.

The report cards of the two Margarets last year, after they had skipped one grade, showed nothing but "A's." In each case thirty of the eighty "A's" were in red. Elaine's report card for the last six months of her first year showed only red "A's."

After a close study of the girls, which included a delightful entertainment, Mr. Kempner, head of the mathematical department of Colorado University at Boulder, stated to the press: "They are not mathematical geniuses; they are fine, normal girls, who showed a wholly natural interest in all that went on around them."

Recently the parochial schools of Denver, grade and high, held a track meet at Elitch's Gardens. The two Margarets placed in the three-legged race, though all their competitors were much older. Mary Fitzpatrick, a thirteen-year-old sister of Margaret's, and equally intensive and extensive in her work, took first place in all races for girls in the high-school division.

Do not worry about Elaine. Her books and blackboard were hidden last vacation. She is taken out of school and given her rest hour every afternoon. Her life is fuller and her opportunities larger than if she had not learned to love intensive number work.

I am not interested in mathematics, except as an instrument of mental discipline. Up-to-date pedagogy rejects mental discipline because mental discipline implies the existence of a soul, distinct from the reactions of matter. This rejection has pauperized pedagogy, and this pauperized pedagogy is being taken right into our Catholic school system. Watchman, what of the night!

Denver, Colo.

J. J. DONNELLY, P.R.

The Orthodoxy of Ramon Lull

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I be allowed a comment on F. X. T.'s review of Peers' book on Ramon Lull in the issue of AMERICA for June 1? Such remarks as "one may agree that his (Lull's) writings contain passages that are heretical or offensive to the Faith," and "not being a Catholic, Mr. Peers does not fully understand the implications in Lull's heretical leanings," will undoubtedly leave the impression on many of your readers that the venerated martyr of Majorca was not always orthodox in his written works. As a matter of fact the critical studies of Catholic scholars in our own day have refuted with at least very great probability the traditional accusations of heresy against the learned and saintly Lull. Reference may be made to the scholarly article of E. Longpré in the *Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique*, (Tome 9, col. 1072-1141). It would seem that we ought to be careful nowadays about charging Ramon Lull with heterodoxy.

St. Louis.

THOMAS J. MOTHERWAY, S.J.

[The subjective orthodoxy of Ramon Lull is probably not to be questioned: his objective teachings have much to be desired, and, so far as is known, their condemnation by Gregory IX and Paul IV still stands. Ed. AMERICA.]